The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1895.

The Week.

ABOUT two-thirds of the President's message relates to the financial situation and the other third to foreign affairs. There is nothing of an exciting character in our foreign relations, and the only thing certain to attract much attention here is the chapter relating to the Venezuelan boundary dispute. On that subject he upholds the Monroe Doctrine, and says that the Government of the United States has represented to both of the governments concerned that the dispute ought to be settled by friendly and impartial arbitration, and that this should include the whole controversy. The answer of Great Britain to this proposal has not been received, but is expected shortly. It is mentioned also that diplomatic relations between Venezuela, on the one hand, and France and Belgium, on the other, have been suspended, and that our good offices have been tendered to secure a restoration of the same, but thus far without result.

The President's discussion of the national finances, and of business interests connected therewith, is comprehensive and cogent to the last degree. It begins with a plain recital of facts. All the events of importance, from the passage of the specie-resumption act in 1875 to the present time, are passed in review. The extraordinary difference between our experience in the eleven years before 1890 and in the five years subsequent thereto the President ascribes to our silver legislation, and especially to the Sherman act of 1890 and to the distrust consequent thereupon. He holds that it could not have been in consequence of a deficiency of general revenue, because the Treasury on each occasion when bond issues were necessary, had a sufficient surplus to meet all current expenses, and generally a very large one. Its present surplus is enormous, being no less than $98,000,000, yet the demand on the Treasury for the redemption of legal-tender notes continues, and the gold reserve is down to $79,000,000. "I am convinced," says the President, "that the only thorough and practicable remedy for our troubles is found in the retirement and cancellation of our United States notes, commonly called greenbacks, and the outstanding Treasury notes issued by the Government in payment of silver purchases under the act of 1890." The reasons for this are presented with great force, and in language so simple that anybody can understand it. They may be summed up in a word. If these mischief-making notes were out of the way, the whole problem of redeeming them would vanish, and the business of the people would right itself by a perfectly natural process. Of course the question will be asked, What will take the place of the legal-tender notes? The suggestion is made that the notes should be made exchangeable for bonds bearing a low rate of interest, but a sufficient rate to secure the object, and that then the national banks should have an opportunity of filling the vacuum with their notes, by reducing the tax on them to a rate just sufficient to pay the expenses of the system, and by allowing them to issue such notes to the par value of the bonds deposited. If, however, this should not be a sufficient inducement to them to fill the vacuum, he ventures to think that gold would answer the purpose as well as notes, and he is well convinced that it would flow in. To insure this he would give the Secretary of the Treasury discretionary power to sell a portion of the bonds abroad for gold. The message concludes with an unanswerable argument against the free coinage of silver.

The annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency, in addition to the usual statistical matter, contains a number of specific recommendations besides the general one that the Government's legal-tender notes be retired and cancelled. The latter recommendation was embraced in his last annual report, together with a plan for filling the vacuum with national bank-notes. The Comptroller's plan differed in some of its details from that of Secretary Carlisle, and also from the one proposed by the American Bankers' Association and known as the Baltimore plan. All three, however, had at bottom the "banking principle," which makes the assets of the bank the security and basis of the circulating notes, instead of a special deposit in the hands of a public officer. No particular plan is referred to in the present report, but the expediency of taking the Government out of the banking business is strongly enforced, in the interest of both the business community and the Government itself. Two important investigations were made by the Comptroller's office during the year, one being the collection of facts in reference to the banking systems of other countries, and the other in reference to those of the several States of the Union. There is much to be learned from this report, and Mr. Eckels is to be congratulated on the amount of new information he has made available to Congressmen and to students of the science of banking.

Ex-Senator Edmunds continues to render the nation service in his retirement by improving every occasion that offers to denounce the Jingoes, and their policy of annexing Hawaii, Cuba, etc. At the annual dinner of the Philadelphia Board of Trade last week he responded to the toast of "The United States of America," and, after speaking in a somewhat conventional strain, concluded with an earnest protest against the idea of bringing into the Union all sorts of heterogeneous elements. Upon this point he said:

> "It is one people which goes by the name of the United States of America, and long will it continue to be that if we continue to remain homogeneous. If we take into it unassimilable elements, if we make into citizens great numbers of persons who have no understanding of things which we have for a hundred years studied and wrought for and inherited to be of us, we shall then make a great mistake."

Mr. Edmunds closed by saying that he did not fear this result, because he had confidence in "the strong sense" of our people. Confirmation of this confidence was furnished by the hearty cheers from the solid men of Philadelphia that greeted his condemnation of the annexationists.

The difficulty of getting things exactly right in this world is well exemplified in an article in the last number of the *Forum*, by Mr. Cassatt of the Cincinnati bar, on the Monroe Doctrine. He shows easily enough that it was a doctrine produced for purposes of defence under circumstances which have totally changed, and that no contemporary expositor thought of giving it the offensive, aggressive character which some of our present preachers claim for it, and that the Congress to which Monroe presented it, as a suggestion of his own, never acted on it, nor took any notice of it; so that, in fact, it has no legal status and is no part of American polity. In tracing the history of it, however, he says that "the general principles of the Holy Alliance were in harmony with the monarchical institutions and ideas of Great Britain, but the possession of Central America by Spain would have been injurious to the commercial interests of Great Britain," and therefore she joined us in the protest known as the "Monroe Doctrine." It would be difficult to give a more misleading account of the whole transaction. England refused to admit that the Alliance after the Congress of Vienna meant anything more than the maintenance of the territorial divisions then made. She denied by formal circular the right of interference in the internal affairs of the states then carved out. She refused to enter into the Holy Alliance, and when, in pursuance of the policy of interference the Alliance traced out, the French entered Spain to put down the revolution there, Canning declared he would "call the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old" by acknowledging the independence of the Spanish colonies then in revolt. But this famous saying was anticipated by Lord Castlereagh in his instructions to the Duke of Wellington when, going as a delegate to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress, he said, "it was evident from the course which events have taken that their recognition [of the revolted colonies] as independent states was merely a question of time." But Canning's action in this hemisphere was really taken in furtherance of a European policy, and was intended as a counterstroke against the Holy Allies. The view that it was due to a desire to get the Spanish-American commerce away from Spain is original with Mr. Cassatt, as is also the view that "the general principles of the Holy Alliance were in harmony with the monarchical institutions and ideas of Great Britain." It was because the contrary was true that Great Britain refused to enter into the Alliance, although Castlereagh and Wellington would probably have liked to do so.

Mr. Chauncey Depew has been moved to reply in the *Tribune* to that part of Senator Sherman's autobiography which tells how he failed to receive the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1888, but he is drawn from his main purpose to a more interesting discussion of the reasons why Mr. Depew himself failed to receive it. It was all due to the delegations of Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, who came to him and made a very earnest appeal that he would sacrifice himself for the good of the party. They said that although he (Depew), with the preponderating vote of New York, might be elected, yet the nomination of a railroad man would disrupt the party in those States and lose the legislatures and the representation in the United States Senate. On the other hand, they said that if they could go home and say that they had defeated the railway candidate presented by "the capitalistic and monopolistic State of New York," they could keep their States in the Republican column for the next fifty years. "I yielded to that appeal," says Mr. Depew, "and retired from the canvass, but all three of the States were lost to the Republican party in the following three years—which shows the value of predictions made at a national convention, and having the double object of getting rid of one candidate and nominating another."

At the very moment when these Granger politicians were making their appeal to him to withdraw, Col. Elliott Shepard, "who, though an eccentric man, was an able one," was gathering in delegates for Depew by the score, and turned in fifty-six new ones at the very meeting of the New Yorkers where Depew announced his determination to sacrifice himself for the sake of harmony in the Granger States. Naturally, there was much bitterness in the New York delegation when Mr. Depew made the announcement, which could be soothed only by a dinner at Kinsley's. This was given by Mr. Depew, and so good was it that the delegates and alternates present swore fidelity to Depew for ever after. The sequel is no less interesting. After the dinner was finished, the "Big Four," viz., Depew, Platt, Hiscock, and Miller, retired to see what was best to be done. Platt and Hiscock favored the nomination of Allison, Miller advocated the claims of Sherman, Depew alone proposed Harrison. Platt's opposition to Sherman was so strong that the other three were convinced that Sherman could not carry New York even if he should be nominated. This fact conveys the gloomy suggestion that Platt was capable of betraying his party in a Presidential election if the nominee was not satisfactory to him. After a time Depew's arguments prevailed, and his three colleagues agreed to support Harrison, who was accordingly nominated. This disposes of another statement or insinuation in Senator Sherman's book, that Platt had in his pocket a written promise from Harrison that he should control the patronage in New York, and that this was the reason why the vote of New York went to Harrison.

The necessity of arousing public sentiment against lynch law is coming to be recognized by thoughtful people in all parts of the land. The frequency and horror of these outrages are causing genuine apprehension as to the future of this country among the friends of republican institutions in Europe. The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden says that he has been in England three times during the last ten years, has met each time Mr. Bryce, and has been questioned by the author of 'The American Commonwealth' with increasing anxiety each time as to the explanation of the growing frequency of these breaches of the law, both North and South. The American Missionary Association took up this subject at its recent annual meeting, and adopted a report "bearing testimony against that form of lawlessness which has become alarmingly prevalent in many sections of our country, by which mobs of infuriated men usurp the functions of judge and jury, and put to death, often with cruelty and torture, persons suspected of crime who have never been proved to be guilty, and who, in some cases, are undoubtedly innocent." This deliverance frankly admitted that such crimes are not peculiar to any section of the country, and declared that "some of the most flagrant outbreaks of this nature have recently occurred in Northern States." Specific attention was called to the case of a brave colonel of militia in Ohio, who protected a negro from a raging mob that was battering down the doors of a court-house, and, for doing his plain duty in ordering the troops to shoot, was placed on trial for his life.

Dr. Gladden, who preaches in Columbus, was chairman of the committee that reported this resolution, and he supported it in a speech that brought out the demoralization of public sentiment on this question in Ohio very clearly. It appears that the sheriff who had the colored prisoner in charge, and who succeeded in saving him from the mob until the troops came to the rescue, was renominated for his office by the Republicans, who have a majority of a thousand in the county, and, simply because he had thus done his duty, he was repudiated by so many of his own party that he was overwhelmingly defeated. Worse still, his successful opponent was questioned during the canvass as to whether he would protect a prisoner in his hands against a mob, if such an incident should occur, and he refused to answer the inquiry. As Dr. Gladden put it, "because he refused to answer he was elected overwhelmingly." And all this in a county not far from the capital of the State of Ohio, which has so often lectured the South on its lack of respect for the law. Evidently there is real danger for the perpetuity of our institutions when such a state of public sentiment is disclosed in the heart of one of our most intelligent commonwealths.

Col. Ingersoll has too often experienced that form of studied insult known as public and concerted prayer for his conversion, to mind the repetition of it on a large scale by the Christian Endeavorers at Cleveland, on Thursday. Both sides get a good advertisement out of it, and so both ought to be, and doubtless are, satisfied. With this aspect of the matter we have little concern; but it is pleasant to note the amelioration of manners implied in the forms and tenor of the prayers. All is gentleness and good will and a sincere desire for the Colonel's weal here and hereafter. Compared with Calvin's eager desire to get his hands on Servetus, or Luther's amiable wish that a hook might be put in the snouts of his enemies, this implies a change to call for Col. Newcome's single and gratified Latin quotation about "emollit mores." Indeed, the change seems greatest of all when one goes back only forty years to the time when the prayers for Theodore Parker delicately hinted that his "removal" would please as well as his conversion to the truth. His biographer records that Parker's early death was considered an answer to these petitions.

We hope we shall not be accused of "going down to the tavern to swear at the court" if we say, apropos of the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the case of the attempt to erect a monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Schuyler against the wishes of her family, that Mr. Schuyler did not, as Judge Peckham assumed, bring the suit to establish a principle—he brought it to prevent what the family deemed an outrage on them and an act of disrespect to Mrs. Schuyler's memory; that, as Judge Gray well exhibited in the dissenting opinion, Judge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ingraham's finding, as fact, in the court below, that Mr. Schuyler had been injured, ought not to have been overturned by Judge Peckham's finding that the injury was "fanciful"; that, on the trial, Judge Ingraham excluded, as unnecessary, evidence which would have shown the whole enterprise of the defendant to be fraudulent, inasmuch as the General Term had admitted the plaintiff's "right of privacy," whereas Judge Peckham assumes that the enterprise was laudable and carried on in good faith. The inconveniences which may arise under the decisions are, that any man's enemies or blackmailers may annoy his family with perfect impunity, or extort money from them by proposing to build, and by collecting money for, a monument calculated to make a deceased person's memory odious or ridiculous, or to drag it into a kind of publicity which he when living would have loathed. The decision, in fact, is in entire harmony with the state of public feeling which has given us a sensational and scandalous press, by treating the individual's dislike of notoriety as of no consequence, so long as it amuses or entertains the majority. In truth, we do not see that it would not authorize a monument to a living man in spite of his protest or prohibition, and make his opposition to it "fanciful," although it brought into prominence a defect, or an eccentricity, or a deplored and recanted opinion.

We trust it is not merely a rumor that the Judges of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court are to wear gowns in their new courts, and we wish we could hope that *all* the Judges of the Supreme Court would follow their example. The small amount of pains we take to give our administration of justice an air of dignity is one of the serious defects of our system. Every one of us recognizes the importance of clothes nearly every day of his life, as a means of giving to others an impression of his character and position. He dresses to go to a dinner or a ball, in order to show the host that he appreciates the invitation, and that it has been bestowed on a suitable person, and to make himself agreeable to the other guests. He dresses to go to church, in order to show his reverence for the place and to humor the prejudices of the other worshippers. We are all impressed by dress, even the most philosophic of us. When a complete stranger approaches us, almost our whole estimate of him rests on his clothes. If he is well dressed, we treat him with courtesy or even deference, and a whole host of presumptions in his favor rise up in our minds. If he is badly dressed, we are either indifferent, careless, or rude to him. If he is dirty and ragged like a tramp, our first impulse is to "bounce" him. The power of dress in making certain impressions on observers is, in fact, one of the most familiar phenomena of civilization, and yet we have never tried to make use of it in aid of administration. Judges mount the bench every day in costumes which make them to the audience in court appear to be among "the boys," and their authority and dignity undoubtedly suffer from it. Judge Barnard used to sit in a velvet jacket, and he was right, for this was a good dress to curse and sell justice in. We do not mean to say that gowns are the best costume that could be devised, but they are the traditional judicial costume of the Anglo-Saxon race, and they have the advantage of covering up the other clothes. We are quite sure it is harder to be a fraud or an ignoramus in a gown than in a cheap ready-made suit of many colors. Nobody who has ever assisted at the robing of an English judge, for instance, can deny that the process seemed to transform him, and make him seem for the moment something more and other than a familiar friend.

Senator Hill has made a curious blunder in starting out as a lecturer. His main object being, of course, to make money, he should have selected as his subject a topic of the very first "drawing" power. He found out at his first appearance in Milwaukee with it that "Liberty" was not this kind of a subject, for only about 150 people assembled to hear him. He has a subject with which he could fill a large hall anywhere in the country, and that is, "How I Ran the Machine." If he will treat that fully and honestly, people will flock to hear him by thousands, for everybody knows that he is fully competent to speak about that, while nobody believes that he has anything to say about "Liberty" that is worth hearing. It is very strange that statesmen of the Hill kind never talk about those things of which they are most competent to speak. Gilroy, when he was Mayor, actually wrote a series of articles on the "Wealth of New York," about which he had nothing to say that any one cared a button to read, while it would have been the making of any magazine to have got from him a series of articles on the "Wealth of Gilroy, Croker, and other Tammany Statesmen," with specifications of the way in which they obtained it.

There has been no odder result of the Conservative reaction in England than the election of peers as Mayors of various large lands. Lord Lonsdale has just been elected Mayor of White Haven, Lord Derby of Liverpool, the Duke of Norfolk of Sheffield, Lord Zetland of Richmond, Lord Ripon of Ripon, and Lord Hothfield of Appleby. The Mayors in all these cases are chosen by the Common Councils, which are usually filled by successful business men of more or less prominence, and the selection of peers is a striking illustration of the increasing fondness of the middle class for the peerage. It is met half way, too, by the increasing desire of such peers as are serious and like work, for greater participation in public business than is afforded by a seat in the House of Lords. Many of them are very good administrators, as is shown by the successful management of large properties, and they are exceedingly well fitted to take part in municipal administration. Then, too, acquaintance and intercourse with them are among the sweetest pleasures of English middle-class life. This passage of reverence for the aristocracy out of politics into social life is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern English politics. We are bound to say, however, that were a peer eligible, he would carry the "brown-stone" or "Tenderloin" vote of this city also with a rush.

The Turkish crisis continues to grow more and more grave, and the demand of the Ambassadors for additional guardships at Constantinople shows that they appreciate it. But probably nothing so serious has happened or is likely to happen as the reinforcement of the fleet. For the horrible truth is, that the more completely the Sultan is overawed by the naval demonstration, the greater the danger is of massacres on a larger scale than ever by the excited Mussulmans in the interior. There is little doubt that when the news spreads that the Sultan is overawed in his palace by the guns of the allied fleet, the fury of the Mohammedan population throughout the empire will be intense, and will express itself in the slaughter of Christians on a greater scale than ever. This form of consolation in the face of great public disasters has been customary with the Turks ever since they made their appearance in Europe. Down to a very recent period even the foreign instructors in the Turkish army were by no means sure of their safety in case of a defeat. Moltke, foreseeing the overthrow of the Turkish army, to which he was attached, by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha, took care to get well in the rear before the fight began, so as to be clear of the enraged fugitives. This is now the great danger of the situation. So long as the Sultan had power it was reasonable enough to threaten him at Constantinople, but woe to the unhappy Christians in the provinces when the news comes that he has been dethroned or is dominated by fleets. The truth is, that he ought not to be bullied at Constantinople unless there is a military force ready to maintain order in the interior—a fact which the powers probably begin to perceive, but do not know what to do beyond protecting Christian life and property at the capital; and probably none of them perceives it more clearly than Russia. A single division of cavalry in Asia Minor would be worth more to the Christians than all the fleets put together. Failing this, every effort should be made to supply the Armenians with arms and ammunition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKER REED IN 1890.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has in the last *Forum* an article, on "Thomas B. Reed and the Fifty-first Congress," which we hope Mr. Reed did not see or revise, because if he did, it would discredit him somewhat as a dialectician. It is an elaborate eulogy on him and defence of his action as Speaker of that Congress, which conveniently confines itself to generalities, overlooks the facts of the case, and produces for the purposes of the occasion an absolutely new view both of Speakers and legislative bodies.

One of Speaker Reed's utterances when enforcing his rules in that Congress was, that "he thanked God that this was not a deliberative body." History, both ancient and profane, parliamentary and other, may be searched in vain for this view of legislative assemblies. It is absolutely original with Mr. Reed to say that any body (which decides by a majority vote) can be assembled on American soil whose chief function is not deliberation. Deliberation is its first duty; legislation only the second. Representatives deliberate to say whether they will legislate, to consider whether the thousand proposals to legislate which come before every Legislature have any value. The Democrats in the Fifty-first Congress fought for deliberation and delay because the McKinley bill was sprung upon them without any notice, in press, platform or speech, and contained unusually obnoxious features, and because, in their belief, it had been corruptly paid for by manufacturers. There never has come before the Americans since the war a measure which called for more deliberation. We are not endorsing all the modes by which the Democrats fought it; but that the country was behind them, believed in their view and approved their course, and condemned Mr. Reed's political philosophy, was shown by the elections which followed, which made a clean sweep both of the Republican majority and of the President who signed the bill.

Secondly, Mr. Reed fell into the grievous error which Mr. Roosevelt, with his usual ebullient patriotism, naturally swallows, of putting the American Speaker into the position which Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Balfour would occupy if he sat in the chair of the House, and pushed his own measures through by all the means at his disposal. This is really a *reductio ad absurdum*. It is quite true that the position of the American Speaker differs from that of the English Speaker in that he appoints the committees, and is elected by a party vote at every session. But these facts no more take away his judicial quality than they take away that of our State judges, whom we also elect by a party vote. They arm him with no discretion in the use of his powers which is not given him by the rules. All his authority is derived from the rules. He is bound to be just in his decisions, and impartial as between the parties on the floor.

Mr. Reed assumed in the Fifty-first Congress that he was responsible to the country not simply for the orderly despatch of business, but for certain legislation, as Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Balfour would be on the floor of the House of Commons; and that Congressmen were responsible to him for their behavior. His error, which is reproduced in Mr. Roosevelt's article with youthful crudeness, lay in supposing that he was bound to see that the House legislated about any particular thing or made a particular use of its time. This was an invention of his own. His duty was to see that whatever the House did (whether it legislated or refused to legislate) was done decently and in order. For the things it does or leaves undone, Congress is responsible to the country, not to any particular man, and the country enforced this rule almost with ferocity in 1892 by kicking most of the Republicans out of office. The notion that the Speaker can prescribe legislation and use the rules to carry it through was a monstrous contrivance, and that a man of Mr. Reed's experience should ever have made himself responsible for it, shows the kind of drunkenness which had overtaken the protectionists through thirty years' possession of power. The Speaker remains a judge, in spite of himself, through the very nature of man. In presiding over a body composed of men of various ways of thinking, he has to be governed, not by either the English view or the American view, but by the ancient human rule that "no man can be judge in his own cause." He must not vote for things in which he has a personal interest. He must not sit *in judgment* to help his own family, or his own company, or his own party. If a Speaker is so interested in legislation of any kind that he feels that he cannot give fair play to its opponents, he ought to acknowledge his infirmity and leave the chair.

Mr. Reed sought to make quorums by counting as present for business everybody whom he saw in the House. If we remember rightly, he tried to justify this by showing that it was done by other legislative bodies. But he produced no body in which it was done by the presiding officer, much less by an avowed partisan such as he was. Several of his mistakes about seeing members were exposed, and he had to acknowledge them, which showed that he was physically unfit for the work, even if it had been morally justifiable. Counting, through his eyes, was partisan work, for which he, as a quasi-judicial officer, was disqualified. It was work which should be done either by tellers from both sides, or by some indifferent officer not charged with the passage of legislation. To crown all, we believe Mr. Reed is now urging on the present Congress the duty of doing nothing—which is a remarkable piece of self-stultification, for this is the very thing the Fifty-first Congress ought to have done. There was no popular demand for the McKinley bill, as the subsequent election showed. Its necessity was a figment of Mr. Reed's imagination. To sit still, and let the private business of the voters alone, was far more emphatically the duty of that Congree than of this one.

The country was not in 1890 calling for any particular measure. The McKinley bill had not been foreshadowed, produced, or discussed in any quarter before Mr. Reed took charge of it. On the contrary, there is to-day a question before the country of commanding importance, on which men of all classes and shades of opinion are demanding legislation in some direction, and that is the currency. For the gentleman who felt that public sentiment, the law of the land, and American usage required him to convert the McKinley bill into a statute, to proclaim now the policy of simple deliberation, to try to make Congress a talking body, looks as if the gods had got angry with him. For we venture to predict that by the time Mr. Reed comes again to give an account of his stewardship to the voters, inaction, if he persists in it, will bring down on him still sterner judgment than overtook the McKinleyites. Now is the time for this new variety of Speaker to play his part. If he is wise, he will chastise his followers into legislative activity, not about the tariff—he has had his warning about that—but about what everybody is talking of and meditating on with anxiety.

FINANCIAL TROUBLE BEFORE THE ELECTION OF 1892.

WE have been requested to set forth more in detail than has yet been done the history of our currency disorder prior to the close of 1892. The statement that the trouble in the public finances began only contemporaneously with Mr. Cleveland's second election is made, undoubtedly, by many partisan speakers and writers who know it to be untrue. But it is accepted by hundreds of readers and listeners as a fact. The distinct assertion has been made that everything went well in American public and private finance while Republican policy was in the ascendant—"down to the hour of Mr. Cleveland's election," as the party organ in this city defines it. The hour of Mr. Cleveland's election fell on Tuesday, November 8, 1892. The challenge of these writers and speakers, therefore, is for the production of any evidence of financial demoralization before that date.

The task is not difficult. Naturally, the annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Treasurer of the United States provide the best reflection of official feeling at headquarters. All the officials at that time were Republicans. All presumably accepted office in sympathy with the party's public policy. Yet the last report with any strain of cheerfulness issued by the Treasury was the one put forth at the close of 1890 by Secretary Windom. We quote his conclud-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing words by way of contrast with the dismal comments of his successor. Mr. Windom criticised the silver-purchase law of 1890 merely because it provided for the purchase of only 4,500,000 ounces monthly. He and Mr. Harrison had urged a law for the purchase of "the entire silver bullion product of the United States" (Report of 1890, page xlviii). In spite of this reprehensible conservatism on the part of Congress, the Secretary was of the opinion (in December, 1890) that the silver act of July 14 would "enhance the value of that metal until a point were reached where we could with safety open our 'mints to the free coinage of both metals at a fixed ratio." The law's "beneficial results," Mr. Windom prophetically concluded, "will eventually commend it to general approval."

"General approval" came into evidence rather slowly. Secretary Foster, Mr. Windom's successor in the Treasury, has been called the Mark Tapley of Government finance. If there was a bright side visible, to the most painstaking scrutiny, in the Government's situation, he could be trusted to discern it. The reader will therefore be astonished to learn that the Secretary's report of 1891 contains not one word about the prospects of the currency. He is forced to record the decline in the price of silver from $1.21 to 96 cents per ounce, and the failure of the year's revenue to meet the annual sinking-fund appropriation, even after the national bank-note fund had been seized to swell the balance. But he refrains from discussion of these awkward facts, leaving his subordinates, as the head of many an institution has done before, to wrestle with unpleasant details.

But the subordinates wrestled to some purpose, so far as concerns the statement of the truth. Let it be noticed that it was exactly one year after Mr. Windom's promise of "beneficial results" and "general approval" that the Treasurer of the United States, in December, 1891, made the following comments on the situation:

> "Such heavy exports of gold as signalized the last six months of the year, *the heaviest recorded in the history of the nation*, naturally excited profound interest, not only at home, but throughout the whole world. To the Treasury this outflow was particularly significant, since the Treasury was obliged to furnish all the material. . . . *These movements were the result, apparently, of the operation of natural laws.* . . . The condition of things which has made it possible, whether due to domestic or foreign causes, *to financial legislation*, or to the state of trade, . . . would seem to be worthy of the most careful study."

With this eminently prudent conclusion, and with the precautionary remark that "no attempt is here made to throw any light upon the subject, further than to state the facts," Mr. Nebeker dismissed the matter. But we doubt if ever before in the history of Government finance has a bureau officer offered as a possible explanation of trade demoralization a law passed by his own party, and officially described by his own chief, twelve months before, as a statute assuring "beneficial results" and certain of "general approval."

Events, however, moved faster than official inquiries. The progress of disease, in the average man, may safely be traced by the attention paid by him, in his thoughts and conversation, to his liver, his stomach, his lungs. The man in health neither talks nor thinks of such things. The Treasury report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, has pages on the gold reserve, and all in a doleful and apprehensive tone. Secretary Foster's cheerfulness has now forsaken him utterly. Far from pointing out "beneficial results" or appealing for "general approval," he pleads with Congress to increase the gold reserve to provide for redemption of the Treasury notes of 1890, and begs for additional revenue. "One of the embarrassments of the Treasury" is "the inability . . . to keep up a sufficient gold supply." Mark Tapley has so far taken up the rôle of Cassandra that he foresees gloomily the exhaustion of the surplus gold reserve (Report of 1892, page xxix). He has not been able to meet the annual sinking-fund requirements, even with the help of the surplus inherited from a Democratic administration, and thinks it "hardly probable that more than about $7,000,000 can be credited to the fund during the present fiscal year, as against a legal requirement of $48,000,000." The Treasurer, as in 1891, is more gloomy and more specific. He points out that heavy pressure of legal tenders for redemption began in July, 1892, that "gold exports, commonly ceasing in July, continued until September, while the return shipments, usually commencing early in the autumn, have not occurred at all"—this, by the way, at the time when McKinley was moving triumphantly from town to town, telling enthusiastic Republican audiences of the $200,000,000 European gold (in buckram) brought here under the operations of his tariff law. Only 3⅔ per cent. of customs receipts at New York city, the Treasurer's tables of 1892 point out, were being paid in gold, against 11 per cent. in the same month of 1891, and 85½ per cent. in 1890. The percentage of payment in Treasury notes had risen from 3½ in 1890 to 28.4 in 1891 and 51 9 in August, 1892. The Treasury gold reserve had fallen, since the passage of the silver-purchase law, $79,788,013, and had approached within $10,000,000 of the official danger-line. The Government's ordinary revenue had decreased $48,143,198 since 1890; its expenditures, with Harrison in the White House, Reed in the Speaker's chair, and McKinley leader of Congress, had increased $60,008,012—a net difference of $108,000,000 to the bad in two short years of Republican administration. And all this for the fiscal year which ended in the week of Mr. Cleveland's nomination at Chicago.

In the face of these documentary records and official statistics, the *Tribune* calmly affirms that "the national policy of protection kept the Treasury fortified with an adequate revenue and reserve down to the hour of President Cleveland's election."

A NOTABLE ARTICLE ON AMERICAN FINANCE.

THE article by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu in the December *Forum* entitled "Conditions for American Commercial and Financial Supremacy" is one of the most powerful arguments that have been presented to our people at any time in behalf of a sound financial policy. Two things, and only two, are necessary, according to this impartial foreign observer, to insure American commercial and financial supremacy. These are the withdrawal of the Government from the banking business—*i. e.*, the retirement of the legal-tender notes—and the quietus of the silver craze. These are not new arguments, but they come with peculiar force from a writer of Leroy-Beaulieu's reputation and clearness of vision. Leave your banks to deal with the gold problem (as they must when the greenbacks are retired), and you will have no more trouble, he says. When any serious or harmful exportation of gold takes place, the banks will raise the rate of discount as the European banks do in similar emergencies, and the exportation will stop. It will stop just as soon as it becomes harmful. When the gold movement is controlled in this way, it produces "only a light and momentary embarrassment, not to be compared with the shock and the discredit resulting from an outgo of gold the end of which cannot be calculated." We ask our readers to contrast these views with the following comment made by Senator Sherman on Secretary Carlisle's Chamber of Commerce speech:

> "Suppose the burden of maintaining the reserve for greenback redemption should be shifted to the banks, as seems to be the present policy, what would the result be? Instead of one great solid reserve protecting every holder of a greenback, the banks themselves would have to carry that gold. There are 3,000 of them. What sum would be necessary to keep them ever ready for any possible gold demand? The scheme is impracticable."

If any excuse but senility can be offered for such a saying as this, we cannot conceive what it is. The banks hold more than double the amount of gold that the Government does all the time. Therefore, the objection which Mr. Sherman advances, implying that they are unable to perform this function, is a coinage of his own overwrought brain. They are able to perform it now, but if they were not they would have to make themselves so at once. How was this function performed before we had any greenbacks?

The other half of Leroy-Beaulieu's article relates to the silver question. This has been so well threshed out in the political arena that we need consider only that part of his argument which refers to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the attitude of Europe toward bimetallism. Upon this point he says:

"There is not a single European country, in a normal financial condition, that attaches the slightest importance to bimetallism. From time to time some Minister utters in Parliament a few equivocal words on the subject, seeking to avoid stripping the bimetallists absolutely of all hope. But America must not be duped by these ambiguous expressions. At bottom, not a country, not a government, of Europe has the least wish to make the least change in the established monetary system—that is, in the preëminence of gold and the secondary and circumscribed function of silver. If from time to time the bimetallists obtain some vague ministerial promises to study the monetary problem, it is due to the habit, common to all European statesmen, of avoiding offending or definitely estranging any group of voters, even one of slight importance."

That this is the attitude of Germany, upon whom our bimetallists have built so many hopes, there is no room to doubt. Last spring the Reichstag yielded to the solicitations of the Agrarian party so far as to vote in favor of a new international monetary conference, secretly hoping, however, that the Government would not comply with the request. The Government made some vague promises to consult the federal States on the subject, secretly hoping that the federal States would not consent. The federal States have not consented, and apparently the end has been reached. The agitation has been slowly strangled, and there is not the least prospect of a new international conference to be held at the instigation of Germany.

It would be a mistake, also, says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, to count on France for official support of the bimetallic movement. The agitation in favor of it is almost exclusively among the agriculturists and is only skin-deep. The great body of the people "are absolutely ignorant of the very meaning of the words monometallism and bimetallism." (That is true of this country also.) The only people in France who understand the subject are almost unanimously for the single gold standard. It is true that M. Magnin, the Governor of the Bank of France, is an exception, but the Governor of the Bank of France is not necessarily a financier. He is not chosen by the bank directors, but is appointed by the chief of state, *i. e.*, the President of the republic. The office is merely nominal and the incumbent of it is a politician. So his views do not count any more than those of an ordinary citizen. "All that can be expected from France in such a matter," says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "is a passive attitude." He adds in conclusion:

"So soon as the capitalists, small and great, of Europe shall know that the United States have definitively adopted the gold standard and relegated silver to a subordinate monetary rôle, the savings of western Europe will flow towards that country. Freed from the fear that he may some day be repaid in depreciated money, every person with savings in all Europe will be happy to find a return of 3½ to 4 per cent. in good American securities, and of 5 to 5½ per cent. in the shares of well-established American enterprises. Then the immense territory of the United States will find its vast resources rapidly and completely put in the way of exploitation. The abandonment of notes or paper money issued by the state; the definitive adoption of gold as the sole standard—these are the two necessary conditions on which the United States can secure a financial position as important as that they now hold in agriculture and in industry. On these two conditions they can some day approach and equal Great Britain as a financial power. If, on the contrary, they persist in their system of Government paper money and in the 'rehabilitation' of silver, their industrial and commercial development alike will be trammelled, and they will undergo marked and permanent experiences of financial weakness."

THE LATEST SCOTCH FORAY.

"Let me tell you, sir," roared Dr. Johnson to the unlucky Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie, amiably discoursing on the "many noble wild prospects" of Scotland, "let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England!" That was in 1763, and the complaint has been made many times since. A political successor of Dr. Johnson's said only a few weeks ago in the London *Times*, writing of the demands of the Scotch members for local self-government, that he wished to heaven they *would* govern themselves and let England alone. To him a perfervid Scot made the swift retort that, if all Scottish talent and genius were to be withdrawn from English life at a stroke, nothing would be left but a honeycombed and crumbling mass of mediocrity. Certain it is that Scottish facility and coolness in appropriating the prizes of England have long been an offence; and when Canon Liddon said he never could think of Archbishop Tait as anything but a "Scotch lawyer," it is doubtful whether the phrase spoke of outrage more to the High-Churchman than to the Englishman.

The latest Scotch foray, however, is literary. "The Caledonians be upon thee!" is the alarm cry lifted by more than one watchman on the walls of English literature. Especially the Caledonian novelist is meant. Stevenson was all very fine as long as he was alone; it was always possible to assert that he was more cosmopolitan than Scotch, and perhaps more truly Bohemian than anything else. But when Barrie and Crockett came along, with Ian Maclaren close after them, and plenty of others visible and making good time on the high road to England, the thing was really getting absurd. Must every writer of fiction, then, learn broad Scotch or starve? Or should there be a call to arms to beat back the raiders from over the border?

Just here, however, a new difficulty arises. The natural defenders of the English novelist have gone over to the Scotch invader—have, in fact, welcomed him to the spoil, opened the gates of the city to him. We refer, of course, to the editors of some of the leading publishers' organs and literary journals. They are themselves Scotch. We infer this from general repute, from the names they bear, and from the way their speech bewrayeth them. They are continually falling off that *pons asinorum* of the dwellers beyond the Tweed—the distinction between shall and will. "Do you think you will ever learn it?" asked Barrie's editor, in 'When a Man's Single,' of his Scotch subordinate. "I'm afraid I never will," was the discouraged reply. It is obvious that, with friends thus on the critical ramparts, the moss-trooping Scots have a great advantage. Their works are heralded from afar, their intentions, their movements, their compliments, their sales are duly and impartially chronicled.

But the worst remains to be told. The beggars can write. They have a good style and have something to say. This is not usually heard among the audible complaints against the Scotch school of fiction, but one who listens closely to the mutterings under the breath will discover that it is really at the bottom of all. We could stand all these Hielan' airs and impudence if there were not so much to show for them. How Stevenson hammered out the instrument of his style he himself has told us. That he seldom found material worthy of its temper and edge was cause of regret to his fondest admirers in Scotland, who used to say openly to him, after each brilliant performance, "Yes, but when are you going to give us *the* book?" Barrie surprised the world with an original revelation of the humor and tenderness hidden away under the dourest Scotch exterior, and no one smiles more good-naturedly than he, we suspect, at the way Crockett and Watson have followed where he led. They carry into their books some of the tricks they learned in the pulpit—forcing the pathetic note, nudging the reader a little unnecessarily lest he lose the point—but, on the whole, they, like the others, know how to write well enough to justify the deep offence caused by their style in a sloppy and slovenly age.

Various are the hypotheses advanced (not by envious rivals, but by delighted readers) to account for the sudden and great popularity of the Scotch story-tellers. A favorite one is that their writings are like "a breath from the heather." This theory seems a little endangered by the fact that its principal supporters never saw or smelt heather, and wouldn't recognize it if they did. Moreover, there is, perhaps oftenest, a breath of a great many other odors in the pages of our Scotchmen. The breath of the slaughter-house is a savory thing in the nostrils of Stevenson and Crockett, on occasion, and the whiff of the kailyard, the smell of the stuffy room and of the unaired kirk, are too frequent and too powerful in them all to bear out the heather theory.

It is, in fact, too much to ask us to accept that theory in the case of a weary and fiction-worn generation. To suppose it eager for simple nature, for brooks and rocks and heather and haggis, and to account for the popularity of a new school of writers on the ground that they carry their readers into longed-for contact with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mother Earth, is to go back to the ghastly artificialities of the court of Marie Antoinette. No, we doubt if the ablest critic will be able to make much more out of it than a love of constant change in the novel-consuming public. We admit that, a few years ago, it was all nicely settled. It was carefully explained to us by conscientious philosophers that the classic school had, in the nature of the case, and by an inner necessity of the evolution of fiction, to give way to the romantic novel, and that then that, in its turn, had to go to the lumber-room to be succeeded by the realistic novel. Exactly what might come in the future was a little doubtful, but it was certain that we should never go backwards. So we all thought, till one fine day we woke up to find ourselves in the midst of dungeons and moats and scaling-ladders and love-philters, and gentlemen and maids of France, and plots and villains and murders in all countries and ages—all wildly popular, all dramatized, all thrilled over by a rising generation which knows not Zola and regards not Howells. Fickleness of taste that can thus confound the historical lecturers is surely enough, taken together with freshness of theme and style, to account for the vogue of the Scotch invaders. We observe that the canniest of them are themselves persuaded that their day of grace may soon be written away, and are thriftily gathering together every available bit of plunder before being compelled to retreat to their fastnesses beyond the border.

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM.

THIS early friend and contributor, editorial and literary, to the *Nation* died in his native city last week, the day after his seventy-third birthday. He was born in Boston, November 26, 1822. His father was Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, whose biography he published in 1890, with the title 'Boston Unitarianism, 1820-1850'—a title justified by the depiction of Dr. Frothingham as one of a class of Boston Unitarian preachers whose culture, urbanity, elegance, and cautious rationalism strongly marked the type, and in some respects differentiated it widely from that of Channing and Parker. Dr. Frothingham was one of the first German scholars in this country, and he translated many German hymns with great felicity. He was the minister of the First Church in Boston from 1815 to 1850, and his son's earliest ecclesiastical function was to blow the organ at the famous Thursday lecture, which committed hara-kiri to prevent the further use of it by Theodore Parker for the promulgation of his heretical opinions. The mother was Ann Gorham Brooks, a daughter of Peter C. Brooks and a sister of Mrs. Edward Everett and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams. Mr. Frothingham delineated the character of his grandfather Brooks in his 'Boston Unitarianism' with that frank sincerity which was a necessity to his intellectual ethics. To his father he credited his own idealism, fondness for literature, fastidiousness in regard to persons and books, conservatism of sentiment, and intellectual freedom, and to his mother his simplicity of purpose, directness of aim, and frank outspokenness. On his mother's side he was allied to Phillips Brooks, to whom bonds of admiration drew him closer than those of kinship.

He was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard College, graduating from the latter in 1843 and from the Divinity School in 1846. Among his companions in the Divinity School were Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, and T. W. Higginson, but he did not sympathize with the early radicalism of these men with whom he was intimately associated in his maturity—in his thinking and his reformatory spirit as well as in the admiration and affection of many followers and friends. His first settlement was in Salem, and it came to grief in precisely the same manner as the first settlement of Higginson and Johnson. It split upon the anti-slavery rock. His sympathy with the abolitionists was as pronounced as it was clear and strong, and it brought him into collision with the conservative and pro-slavery people of his congregation. He was in Salem from 1847 until 1855, and the coincidence of this period with the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law and the renditions of Sims and Burns made it impossible for him to withhold his warning and rebuke. Remembering how effective in the middle ages was the denial of the sacraments to contumacious persons, or regarding the Lord's Supper as a privilege which he must not confer on evil men, he refused to administer it because there were those in his church who applauded the infamous renditions. This course precipitated his departure, and in 1855 he took charge of a new church which had been formed in Jersey City. Meantime his anti-slavery liberalism had been, as it was with many, a solvent for his conservative theology. From a defender of his father's compromising obscurantism he had become a Transcendentalist in his philosophy, and an enthusiastic follower of the Tübingen criticism of F. C. Bauer, of which he wrote in the *Christian Examiner* with great fulness and contagious admiration.

The New Jersey pastorate was up-hill work, but it did not deter Mr. Frothingham from the charge of another new society which was formed in New York city in 1860, the Third Unitarian Society. In Jersey City he had entirely discontinued the use of the Lord's Supper, but for reasons quite different from Emerson's in 1832, conceiving that it bred self-righteousness. He finally came round to the opinion that it could be shorn of all its doubtful attributes and made a means of spiritual cultivation; but this was when he had long ceased to be a settled minister. Drs. Bellows and Osgood were the other Unitarian preachers in New York when he came here, and in his 'Recollections and Impressions' (1891) he has made pen-and-ink portraits of those clergymen which are remarkable for sympathetic appreciation and for their absolute sincerity. They at first received him graciously, but his ways were very different from theirs, especially from Dr. Osgood's, and at the dedication of his new church in 1863, though cordially invited, they were conspicuously absent from the scene, and his relations with them and with conservative Unitarians generally became more and more strained from this time forward. Meanwhile many younger men were looking to him with admiration and eagerly following his lead. When, in 1864, Dr. Hedge preached to the graduating divinity students upon "Anti-Supernaturalism in the Pulpit," Mr. Frothingham a few days later, in an address to the alumni of the Divinity School, met his positions with a force and candor that made the younger clergyman then and for the remainder of his active ministry the unmistakable leader of the radical party in the Unitarian body. When the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in 1865, the terms of its fellowship were so little agreeable to Mr. Frothingham that, by his advice, his society, which soon after sold its church building and went to Lyric Hall, dropped the Unitarian name and called itself The Independent Liberal Church. The congregation steadily increased until in 1875 it removed to the Masonic Temple, where it habitually numbered nearly or quite a thousand persons, eventful seasons bringing many more.

No one was ever fonder of understatement than Mr. Frothingham, or applied it to himself more freely. From the minimizing account of his preaching in Lyric Hall and the Masonic Temple which he gave in his 'Recollections,' no stranger to the facts would derive any just conception of the force and beauty and nobility of his pulpit ministration, or of the profound impression it made upon a congregation, then the largest in the city, which, ranging through every grade of culture, had a solid centre of intelligence and character not to be excelled. The printing of his sermons every week gave an indefinite extension to his influence. They contain the substance of his message, but give no idea of the fascinating grace and beauty of the spoken word, which hardly Curtis could surpass, though something of apparent coldness, foreign to the man's private character, made him less attractive and engaging than he would otherwise have been. After a time he brought no manuscript to his desk. His range was wide, including fundamental problems of theology and ethics and philosophy, and equally the pressing social and political problems of the time. The society was an aggregation of individuals, defective on the side of organization and common practical activity. The preacher's serious eloquence was well-nigh the only bond of its coherency.

In 1867 the Free Religious Association was organized, mainly by Unitarians who were dissatisfied with the controlling temper of the Unitarian organization. On this association also, and particularly on his part in it, Mr. Frothingham turned an inverted opera-glass when he wrote of it in his 'Recollections and Impressions.' His stern self-criticism will not be accepted by those who remember him as the President of this association, the perfect art with which he presided over the great assemblages gathered in its earlier years and at the banquet-table, and the remarkable brilliancy and beauty which were married to the breadth and liberality of his annual addresses that reviewed the situation of the religious world from year to year.

Not only was Mr. Frothingham later than his friends Johnson, Longfellow, and Higginson in arriving at the Transcendentalist position, but he abandoned it about 1865, while their confidence in it remained unshaken. A review of Mill's 'Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy' marked his recession from the intuitionalist doctrine. Darwin's theory of the descent of man and Spencer's general doctrine of evolution found him an early friend, and science rather than philosophy was henceforth his guide of life. But whatever his position, he could do better justice to that which he opposed than could any of its friends except the best instructed of them all.

In 1879 Mr. Frothingham resigned the charge of his society and went abroad for a protracted period of residence and travel. Ill health, with worse threatening, was the sole cause of his retirement from the ministry. Incipient pa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ralysis had made known its presence before he dropped the oar which he was never to resume. His last preaching was to his own people—his farewell discourse. After his arrival in Europe the trouble grew, spoiling his beautiful handwriting and affecting his speech (though not much) sufficiently to make preaching impossible for him after his return. Immediately upon this there was a flurry of excitement over his talk with a reporter for the *Evening Post*, in which he seemed to bring an unfriendly criticism to bear upon the work that he had done in New York, and the opinions he had held. But the talk was only the exaggeration of the mood of a depressed condition of his mind and body. He was always subject to reaction from the strain of mental effort—an optimist on Saturday night, a pessimist on Monday morning. He took pains to make it clear that he had made no recantation, that his position was more radical as time went on. But at the same time it was more liberal and sympathetic. Taking up his residence in Boston, he was seldom absent from the public meetings of the Unitarians, and often spoke at them; never without holding the attention of his hearers and winning their applause, if not for his opinions, for the fine audacity with which they were expressed. That the Unitarians were advancing rapidly from the position that he criticised in 1865, made it much easier for him to feel at home with them.

Before leaving the ministry, he had published, besides several volumes of sermons, two or three books of religious instruction for children—'The Child's Book of Religion,' 'Stories from the Patriarchs,' etc.—which had a wide circulation. He had also written an elaborate 'Life of Theodore Parker,' a 'History of New England Transcendentalism,' and a 'Life of Gerrit Smith.' The last-named book wounded the friends of Mr. Smith by its frank allowance (afterwards slightly modified) of his indirection in the John Brown affair, though Mr. Frothingham had strained a point to put a more favorable construction on the facts at his command than they obviously suggested. Delightful reading, all of these books—the 'Parker,' 'Smith,' and 'Transcendentalism'—were too hastily prepared, and were frequently inaccurate in minute particulars, with some serious omissions of important matters. His books written after his return from Europe were much better done, especially the 'George Ripley' in the "American Men of Letters," and the 'Memoir of William Henry Channing.' He also wrote a brief Life of his friend David A. Wasson, a thinker and poet of high character and genius and much sad experience. The 'Boston Unitarianism' and 'Recollections and Impressions' were singularly communicative for a man who had seemed thoroughly exclusive and reserved. He was not so in fact. The appearance was a misfortune related to the self-depreciating habit of his life. Sympathy and friendship he very greatly prized, but too hastily assumed that they were not for him. He described himself as yearning for people who were separated from him by some temperamental partition of translucent ice.

Mr. Frothingham's circumstances were always affluent, and his manners were of that dignity and grace which made his beautiful surroundings seem an inevitable environment. Aristocratic in his tastes, he was democratic in his principles, and whenever there was a conflict the former had to yield. For all that he accomplished he was still to those who knew him best a "spirit in prison," the elements so mixing in him that he never put forth all his strength.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BARTHÉLEMY-SAINT-HILAIRE.

NEW YORK, November 26, 1895.

WHEN Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, who died last Monday in Paris, was born in that same city over ninety years ago, his health was so delicate that the family physician ordered the baby to the country for better air. So he was sent to the neighboring town of Sceaux and placed in a peasant family, where the wife, a sturdy woman with four children, nursed him and performed all the duties of a mother. "She was so vigorous," St.-Hilaire used to say of her, "that she was the only woman in the region round about Sceaux who earned men's wages—thirty sous instead of one franc. She could pitch up hay from the ground to the lofty cart from sunrise to sunset during the long summer days without getting weary." The young St.-Hilaire was treated by her exactly as if he were one of her own children. He ate what they did and slept where they did. It was the rough life of the ordinary peasantry. He remembered accompanying her in winter to the Meudon forest not very far away, where they would collect dead wood and then trudge home again in the snow and ice and cold, she bearing on her back a great bundle of branches, which protruded far over her head, while the little boy at her side carried a smaller one on his own back. St.-Hilaire always preserved a strong affection for this woman, and never lost sight of her when, in after-years, he rose to prominence; and when she died, he kept up his intercourse with her husband. "Though she could neither read nor write," he would say of her, "and was quite ignorant, I don't believe she had a single false idea in her head."

After this hardening process of his early childhood, nothing on the material side of existence ever tried him. On leaving Sceaux, strong and tough as a knot, Jules was sent to the Lycée Louis-le-Grand at Paris, whose severe régime was Paradise to him. But all through life his body demanded vigorous physical exercise. During the Restoration he began to frequent a gymnasium, though it was not till a later period that he became an enthusiastic and expert gymnast. He was an early adept of Laisné, the best-known gymnastic teacher of Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe and the Second Empire, "whose body was that of a gladiator." St.-Hilaire was so pleased with this instructor's methods that he suggested one day that Laisné write them out and put them in book form; and when Laisné pleaded ignorance of composition as his excuse for not doing so, his admiring pupil agreed to act as his amanuensis and editor. The result of this collaboration was a good-sized volume of three or four hundred pages, with the names of the two authors on the title-page, and though never given in the catalogue of works in the biographical sketches of Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who, at the time it was published, was a member of the Institute and professor of Greek and Latin philosophy at the College of France, still it can be found on the shelves of the National Library of Paris.

Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire loved to talk about his bodily strength, which was remarkable to the very end of his life. When a boy of fifteen or sixteen he and Littré, who was one of his earliest companions, and with whom he remained on the friendliest terms up to the day of the latter's death, though he did not share Littré's materialistic views, got up at four one morning in order to be at Vincennes in time to witness the practice-firing of the artillery. During the cannonading a big ball glanced off from the target and fell into the woods, where the boys found it. Thereupon Jules was seized with the desire to carry it back to Paris, notwithstanding its weight and the distance to the city. But his companions ridiculed the idea, and pronounced it impossible. This only emboldened Jules, who then and there made a bet with them that he could carry the ball from Paris to Versailles and back without ever letting it touch the ground. And he was as good as his word. Supporting it first in one hand and then in the other, or in both, and then resting it on the right and left shoulders successively, he reached Versailles with his charge, rested for a half-hour on one of the stone seats in the park, holding the ball on his feet so that it should not touch the ground, while he refreshed himself with a piece of bread and one nut—St.-Hilaire laid stress on the scantiness of his meal—and then trudged back to the capital in triumph, having covered some twenty miles. "Well," Littré used to say in recalling this boyish feat, "if you had not had the persistency to win that bet, you would never have translated the whole of Aristotle."

St.-Hilaire's gymnastic tastes brought him into relations with Prince Napoleon ("Plon Plon"), who was also a frequenter of Laisné's establishment, the teacher often going into raptures over this pupil's muscles. And St.-Hilaire would talk by the hour about this erratic Bonaparte.

"He was a monster," he used to say; "one of the worst men I ever encountered throughout my long career. But he was physically handsome. He had the striking physiognomy of the first Napoleon in the middle period of the Emperor's life. I say the middle period, for in his early manhood Napoleon was too thin, and toward his end too stout and puffed out; but in middle life his face possessed remarkable outlines, the very lineaments for a superb medallion. Prince Napoleon's features bore this stamp. He had a good intellect, too; was quick to grasp the salient points of a subject; was a ready speaker, and, though not a first-rate writer, wielded no ordinary pen. He had also a magnificently developed body and was a fine gymnast. He was exceedingly stingy, in which respect he differed completely from his father, King Jerome, who was so free with money as to be always in debt, a perfect *panier percé*."

Saint-Hilaire gave these two examples of Prince Napoleon's niggardliness. While Baron Heckeren, a Legitimist member of the Assembly during the republic of 1848, was speaking one day, he was interrupted by Napoleon, who sat on the Extreme Left. Turning on him, he said contemptuously, "Oh, it's only the Prince of the Mountain," and then went on to the end of his speech. But, having regained his seat, he sent seconds to the Prince, who, proverbial for his cowardice, had the matter amicably arranged, and invited the Baron and the four seconds to a love-feast, which came off at one of the leading restaurants. When the waiter brought the bill, Prince Napoleon glanced at the total and then remarked placidly, "Well, gentlemen, it's twenty-six francs apiece." Again, when the Prince's famous Pompeiian house in the Avenue Montaigne, which was torn down unfortunately two or three years ago, was being decorated, the architect suggested that one of the bare walls be set off by a well-known picture then on exhibition. The Prince asked how much the canvas would cost, and when informed that the price would probably be some 25,000 francs, he answered: "Wait till the Salon closes; if the picture is not then sold, the artist will be glad to get four or five thousand for it." And this at a time when his cousin, the Emperor, was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

striving to associate the art world of France with the fortunes of the Empire.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was another famous Frenchman about whom Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire could recount many interesting facts. They were closely associated during the early stages of the Suez Canal enterprise, and St.-Hilaire acted as general secretary of the preliminary company, his chief work being to "write it up." This was during the years 1856-'7 and '8, when St.-Hilaire edited and wrote most of the contents of a weekly sixty-column quarto journal run in the interest of the canal. The two men then lived on the same floor of a house in the Rue Richepanse, their front doors being opposite one another—and-on-the-same-landing.—They were so intimate that St.-Hilaire used to address De Lesseps as "Ferdinand," and though they afterwards broke, on account of differences concerning the policy to be pursued in the final organization of the company, they separated with the highest respect and even affection for one another, so that later De Lesseps sent St.-Hilaire a "founder's share," which is to-day worth over 100,000 francs, I believe, but which St.-Hilaire declined with thanks. "He was utterly without personal cupidity," St.-Hilaire used to say of De Lesseps; "he would use money lavishly, too lavishly—not on himself, however, but to promote schemes which were to be a benefit to the whole human family. He was energetic, indefatigable, and bold even to rashness."

But the greatest incident of a personal nature in Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire's career was his connection with Thiers. He got into confidential secretarial relations with Thiers much before 1871. He was undoubtedly one of the many collaborators on the Histories, though when I once asked him if this were so, he avoided answering my question. He stated of his own accord, however, that in 1864 he made researches concerning Mexico which Thiers utilized in powerful speeches on this subject delivered in the Corps Législatif. When Thiers went down to Bordeaux in February, 1871, everybody knew that he was the coming man. He was accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law; and St.-Hilaire, who was, like Thiers, a Deputy, was invited to stay with them. Then occurred the first decisive step in that political copartnership which had such a strong influence on French politics. "Noticing the heap of mail matter which arrived for Thiers daily," said St.-Hilaire, "I offered to attend to it for him. He gladly acceded to my request, remarking: 'Vous me sauvez la vie.'" And when, a few days later, Thiers became the Chief Executive of the republic, Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire was given the title of General Secretary of the Presidency. This was the third instance of his having held the post of secretary under very different and very important circumstances. I have already mentioned his connection with the Suez Canal Company. He was also Secretary of the provisional Republican Government of 1848, when he performed useful public services which are recorded in the official papers of that time.

Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire was invaluable to Thiers during the latter's Presidency. They used to begin work together every morning at 5:30, and continue thus till 6:30, when each went to his own desk. "The labor was incessant and terribly fatiguing," to use St.-Hilaire's words, which he illustrated by telling this anecdote:

"On one occasion when I was called in to a sitting of the ministers to explain an affair with which I was more *au courant* than Thiers, I was placed on his right in order that we might consult together. Having answered the questions put to me by the ministers, a discussion followed, during which my head dropped on my breast and I fell fast asleep. When further questions were asked me, Thiers had to shake me, while he remarked: 'Excuse him, gentlemen; he is worn out in aiding me, for without his help I could not accomplish the quarter of what I do.' Coming from such a man as Thiers and in such a cause, I felt that this recognition fully repaid me for all my labor."

When it is known that St.-Hilaire would accept no salary for this arduous work either from Thiers or from the state, his conduct becomes all the more exemplary.

At this time the monarchical faction and the republican faction in the National Assembly were both straining every nerve to "capture" Thiers. The Right was most eager to separate the two men because it was believed that St.-Hilaire was influencing Thiers in favor of the republic. "When I left the lycée," said the former, "I was a republican. I don't know exactly how I became one, but at that age one is ardent and goes to extremes; so I found myself a republican although the atmosphere was then thoroughly impregnated with constitutional monarchy. My friends and associates under Louis Philippe—Thiers, De Rémusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, etc.—were almost all monarchists, and they used to smile at my republican ideas." And then, coming down to 1871, and taking up the complaint of the Right, he added: "I never did anything of the kind. Thiers was not the sort of man to be affected in that way. Of course his close daily relations with an old and pronounced republican like myself doubtless had a certain moral influence on him. But Thiers was too much of a statesman not to see that the republic was the only government possible under the circumstances." Notwithstanding St.-Hilaire's modest disclaimer, there can be no doubt that his intimacy with the President at this critical moment in the history of the Third Republic had not a little to do with keeping Thiers in line with the republican movement, and thus greatly aiding in the final foundation of the republic.

This retiring disposition in Barthélemy-St.-Hilaire's character is well brought out in his statement of the line of conduct which he early laid down for himself, and which he always followed as regards the world's honors. "Don't ask for anything, don't strive for laurels," he would say to the young men who went to consult him; "do the best you can to make yourselves indispensable to man and society about you, and they will be only too glad to offer you honors. At the very start in life I was convinced that this was the best course to pursue." Then, to illustrate the correctness of this policy by examples from his own public and literary career, he would relate how when, as an obscure young clerk in the Treasury Department, he decided to offer his country a complete translation of Aristotle's works, Victor Cousin, then all-powerful, heard of this grand undertaking and became interested in the author of it, and thence came St.-Hilaire's chair in the College of France and his membership in the Institute; how he became President of the College of France because, as a Deputy, he had defended some of the professors against unjust treatment on the part of the Government, these professors afterwards securing his nomination to that high post; how he was selected as a candidate for the National Assembly in 1848 because he had always been a republican, the committee coming to him and not he going to the committee in order to secure the nomination, etc.

Barthélemy-St.-Hilaire's translation of Aristotle into French was his *magnum opus*. He estimated that it had cost him from eighty to ninety thousand hours of labor to accomplish this task, during a period extending from 1832 to 1892. He was thus sixty years on this work, and was eighty-seven years old when it was completed. Yet this translation was not the only *tour de force*—I am told that classical scholars do not consider it much else than this—of this wonderful old man. He was occupied twenty-two years on a rhymed metrical translation of the 'Iliad.' "I always carried a Homer with me and would translate it in train or omnibus, whenever I could find a free moment. I did not have the time to go over my manuscript with care and to polish the verses. The chief merit of my version is found in the fact that I have succeeded in making a verse-for-verse rendering. I may have forced and distorted now and then the meaning of my French, but I have carried my point—a verse for-verse translation." And not less remarkable than the two foregoing examples of literary indefatigableness was the production of his 'Life of Cousin,' which I noticed in these columns last winter. In fact, still another wonder attaches to this work—its having been accomplished by a man who had almost reached four score and ten, for when these three big volumes of nearly seven hundred pages each were issued last spring, their author was within a few weeks of the anniversary of his ninetieth birthday. And last August, just three days before he celebrated that event, he wrote me: "I am busy at this moment on the second edition of Cousin's 'Plato,' and I hope to publish the first volume towards the end of the year."

THEODORE STANTON.

Correspondence.

SOUTHERN LYNCHINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Scarcely had Massachusetts uttered an indignant protest against a species of anarchy which the South has countenanced too long, before another lynching of a negro took place, this time at Frederick, Maryland. The victim deserved his fate, for he abused the hospitality of a servant girl who gave him food, and then he committed fiendish rape upon her. The leader of the mob which soon afterwards hung him, justified their conduct by saying that they wanted to make an example and warn all blacks that they must let white women alone.

The mischief is that these *examples*, whether they be like the comparatively mild retribution which has just occurred in Maryland, or a revolting, brutalizing, slow burning at the stake, such as happened not long ago in Texas, instead of lessening, increase the evil they seek to suppress. For thirty years lynch law has prevailed in many parts of the South, and, unfortunately, of late years, has also gained a foothold in some Northern localities. Almost as soon as one mob has wreaked summary vengeance upon one trembling wretch, another negro must be taken in hand.

What is the reason that the American nation has not stamped out lynch law? Are not public sentiment and false reasoning at fault? Do not even intelligent people complacently accept the plea that all courts, juries, and judges are so incompetent that mobs must, like savages, take the law into their own hands? Is it not time that such childish apologies should no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longer be taken in extenuation of lawlessness and anarchy?

Eight years ago, in Chicago, certain headstrong anarchists, who had good cause to be enraged at the manner in which the laboring classes had been oppressed, engaged in a riot, hurled dynamite bombs, and destroyed much life and valuable property. Eight men were tried, convicted of treason, and executed. The whole country, from Maine to California and from Massachusetts to Texas, stood as a unit, and approved of the principle that anarchists who broke the laws and resisted government must be punished as traitors. Why ought not the same stern justice to be meted out to those other anarchists who are known as lynchers? Why not consider lynching as a form of high treason? If, in answer, it be said that often the best portion of a community has led in a lynching, so much the worse. The more aristocratic the lynchers, the swifter ought to be their conviction. Indeed, it is a question whether every place in which a lynching happens ought not to be placed under military law, and the perpetrators tried by court-martial. But more important than all legal restraint is it that people should be taught to hold sacred the principle that even the vilest criminal must be treated justly, is entitled to "the equal protection of the laws," and must be tried, convicted, and punished only after a fair trial and by an impartial tribunal. Until this principle is recognized, lynching and all its attendant horrors will continue to stifle American civilization. F. M. Noa.

Briar Bend Seminary, Mt. Lake Park, Md., November 25, 1895.

AN APPEAL FOR THE DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "X.," in his "Plea for the Study of Latin Grammar" (*Nation*, November 21), sounds a note of warning which is needed, and should be heeded, in these days, far beyond the limits of his own special theme. I was brought up in the good old times when the method was to go (straight) through the Latin grammar once, learning by heart the "big print"; then again, learning the "little print"; and then a third time, learning all, "big and little print." This was doubtless a dire method; but then at least we learned and knew something at school, and were qualified, under better teaching afterwards, to learn to read or to write Latin. Now, under the modern method, I see students who have not only come to college, but even graduated from college, without knowing their nouns or verbs, and are therefore apt to make the gravest mistakes in either writing or reading. But so far I only repeat what "X." has so well said. My true object is to make another protest against some present methods and tendencies in the teaching (?) of language.

"X." says truly: "Many men enter college every year who have never owned grammar or dictionary." Leaving the question of grammar where he has put it, I wish to make my appeal for the dictionary. It is true that students now come to college—may, indeed, even go through college—without either owning or knowing how to use a dictionary (I speak of my own department of modern languages). The pernicious habit of editing and publishing texts, by no means elementary, "with vocabulary," tends not only to the disuse of the dictionary, but directly also to a shallow and superficial scholarship. A student fed on such spoon-victuals does not know how even to use a dictionary, and is left helpless for any higher literary study. The number of such "vocabulary" editions is great and ever growing. From a single list before me, of a most reputable house, I count (outside of readers and other elementary books) about twenty such titles. We cannot blame the publishers, who naturally print what will sell; but we may make protest against such editions, and to the teachers who use and create the demand for them. Such hand-to-mouth vocabularies should not be tolerated by any teacher, whether of ancient or modern languages, beyond the limit of purely elementary or introductory reading.

Y.

November, 1895.

"SEVERAL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With regard to the use of *several* in the sense of 'many' or 'not a few,' of which mention is made in your issue of this week, it may interest some of your readers to know that this use of the word survives in this country all through western North Carolina, and probably in other remote portions of the South. For instance, on asking a native of the Toe River region if there were many fish in the river, I received the reply: "Oh, yes; there's several of them." H. G.

Omaha, November 23, 1895.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready a 'History of the Church Catholic,' by the Rev. A. H. Hore, a companion volume to the same author's '*History of the Church of England*.'

Macmillan & Co. announce a new edition of 'The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John *Maundeville*, Knt.,' with designs by Arthur Layard; and 'Experimental Morphology,' by Charles B. Adams, Ph.D.

Dodd, Mead & Co. offer a limited edition in several styles, all elegant, of Austin Dobson's Poems, revised, enlarged and complete, with etched portrait by William Strang, and seven full-page etchings by Ad. Lalauze; in two volumes, 16mo. The enterprise will be wholly American.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is working away upon his 'Life of William the Silent.' He recently visited Holland in search of materials for his *magnum opus*, when the object of his visit was much advanced by the friendly offices of Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Minister at The Hague.

'British Guiana and its Resources' is the name of a book shortly to be published in London, of which the author is Mr. Tennant, formerly M. P. for Leeds on the Conservative side. As Mr. Tennant spent some time in British Guiana, in 1892 '93, and during his stay there visited several of the outlying districts, he will write with some personal knowledge of his subject. The question of the boundaries of British Guiana is, notoriously, the cause of the existing difficulties between Great Britain and Venezuela.

Mr. Fortescue, who has succeeded the late Mr. Noel Sainsbury at the Public Record Office, London, in the function of calendaring the papers of the Colonial Series, is now passing through the press a fresh volume, the materials of which have been prepared in part by himself and in part by Mr. Sainsbury. Many papers among those thus calendared relate to the founding of Pennsylvania. There is also a statement, written by Roger Williams when an old man, containing one or two facts pertaining to the early history of Rhode Island. There are many documents concerning the grant of a constitution to Jamaica, and the resistance made by the colonists to the attempt of the home authorities to impose upon that island a form of government which would have subjected them to the operation of Poynings' Law as applied to Ireland. The Memoir of Mr. Sainsbury for the English 'Dictionary of National Biography,' by the way, is being written by Mr. C. Alexander Harris of the Colonial Office, London, who has already contributed several "lives" of persons who had been connected with the Colonies to that monumental work.

Mr. Alfred Parsons's trip to Japan in 1892 was prolific in the products of his brush, and a generous selection of some 125 of these is reproduced, in small octavo form, with a running accompaniment from his journal ('Notes in Japan,' Harpers). Most of the material, both pictures and text, seems to be identical with that which he has already published in *Harper's Magazine*. The Notes are chiefly descriptive of the scenery, and have the special interest which attaches to an artist's impressions. Of his exquisite landscapes nothing need here be said. They have already been seen and praised in this country, and their accuracy and naturalness make them delightful mementos for the returned traveller. They have, of course, lost incomparably in reproduction without color; no one who has not seen, for example, the "Bamboo Grove" (p. 70) or the "Field of Lilies" (p. 82), can imagine the original.

Probably the most widely read of contemporary Italian writers—certainly of travel-writers—is Edmondo de Amicis. The Henry T. Coates Co., Philadelphia, has issued for the holidays an edition of his 'Spain and the Spaniards,' in two volumes newly translated from the tenth edition of the Italian by Stanley Rhoads Yarnall, adorned with forty-seven full-page illustrations of scenery, cities, genre pictures and reproductions of famous paintings, bound in white and gold, and protected by stiff red covers. A comparison of the text with the translation by Wilhelmina W. Cady, which was printed in 1881, shows that on the whole the new version is the more compact and idiomatic. Next to Gautier's graphic volume, De Amicis's remains to this day the most entertaining of all tourist books on Spain.

Macmillan is the American agent for R. A. M. Stevenson's 'Art of Velasquez,' of which George Bell & Sons, London, are the publishers. It is a sumptuous quarto volume illustrated with twenty photogravures of the great Spaniard's best and best-known works, besides forty-three "supplementary illustrations" in half-tone placed together at the end. Mr. Stevenson, who has himself had the training of an artist, makes an intelligent analysis of Velasquez's aims and methods from the point of view of an ultra-modern critic, who sees in his subject the forerunner of Manet and Whistler and the real founder of impressionism. It is perhaps natural that he should be oblivious of the fact that Velasquez's few attempts at the decorative and religious types of art are uninteresting, not merely because they are not modern, but because they are distinctly failures in what he attempts, and show that he was as inferior to the elder painters on their ground as he was superior to them on his own. The photogravures are somewhat black and spotty, and fail to do invariable and complete justice to the magnificent tone of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

originals, but they give enough of authentic fact in other particulars to be very valuable. The frontispiece, after the "Venus" belonging to Mrs. Morritt of Rokeby Park, is especially successful, and is the more welcome as the picture has been seldom and inadequately reproduced.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's *jeu d'esprit*, 'A House-Boat on the Styx: Being some account of the divers doings of the Associated Shades' (Harpers), made its hit in the *Weekly*, and will bear rereading once in book form. The humor of the conception perhaps surpasses that of any part of the execution, unless we except the very natural drollery of the debate between Noah and Barnum on the resolution, "The Animals of the Antediluvian Periods were Far More Attractive for Show Purposes than those of Modern Make." Pretty certainly, too, it may be affirmed that the comicality of Mr. Bangs's dialogues is largely indebted to Mr. Peter Newell's inimitable portrait-group illustrations. But here we have a grievance against the publishers, who have reduced the scale of the pictures to suit the book, thus forfeiting half their effectiveness in the *Weekly*. In humor and imagination they rank high, but of pure art also there is no mean evidence in them. The representation of the Styx in the Captain Kidd design would not disgrace the Scandinavian Thaulow, first of painters of freezing streams.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball, Chicago, publish in one dainty volume the five biographies known as 'Walton's Lives,' viz., of Doctor John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Doctor Robert Sanderson. The whole volume, in paper, typography, and binding, has been designed to preserve something of the quaint flavor of antiquity which clings about the charming text of the genial author. If our literary knowledge is not thereby increased, we may at least be grateful for a book which helps us to gain the right impression from an author whom to enjoy is rather an æsthetic than a learned pleasure.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publish 'Recollections of Lincoln,' by Ward H. Lamon. These are based on papers, more or less complete, left by Mr. Lamon, who was close to Mr. Lincoln from 1847 onward, being Marshal of the District of Columbia during the war period. His daughter, Miss Dorothy Lamon, edits them, but we are not told how extensive the work of revision and compilation has been. Every detail of Mr. Lincoln's life, saved by those who were near to him, is eagerly received, and the sifting process, to eliminate the bias of the narrators, must come later.

The Massachusetts Military Historical Society have published a new volume of papers, under title of 'Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1862' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is a revised and enlarged edition of their former volume, printed in 1881, entitled 'The Peninsular Campaign of McClellan in 1862.' The book consists mostly of a series of exceptionally valuable papers by the late Gen. John C. Palfrey, in which he criticised the campaign in the light of his personal experience as an officer in it. The new papers added are Colonel Thos. L. Livermore's on Patterson's Shenandoah campaign, and Major Jas. F. Huntington's on operations in the same valley under Shields in 1862. Colonel Livermore's paper is an admirable specimen of calm and clear-cut military analysis. Major Huntington's is a living presentation of an artilleryman's experience in a rough campaign. Four large, well-engraved maps illustrate the text. The volume is edited by Theodore F. Dwight.

A 'History of the 17th Lancers [Duke of Cambridge's Own],' published by Macmillan & Co., is an interesting proof of the pride English officers feel in their old regiments. A sumptuous royal octavo, with tinted illustrations of uniforms and equipments—several of them beautiful reproductions from water-color drawings—makes an attractive book for the library table. The text, by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, is a lively narrative of the regiment's service from 1760 downward. It was with Tarleton in South Carolina in our Revolutionary war. It had a rough experience in the West Indies in the Maroon war, where it was decimated by yellow fever. It served in Buenos Ayres in 1807. It had several years' service in India, including the Pindari war, in the twenties. Its glory culminated in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava in 1854. Then came more Indian experience in the Sepoy mutiny, and finally the Zulu war in Africa in 1879. No wonder its members rally to its grim emblem of the skull and cross-bones, with its motto "or glory" beneath. Reading the book, one can easily understand how the fame of the regiment compels its new men to become good soldiers.

The recent visit of the Bechuana chiefs to England is the occasion of the Rev. E. Lloyd's 'Three Great African Chiefs' (London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams). It is a very crude sketch of the history of this South-African tribe, in addition to an account of its principal chiefs. The only one of their number who has any claim to be called "great" is Khama, perhaps the most enlightened African ruler of this day, whose principal aim is to prevent the sale of liquor to his people. Something is shown of the customs and religion of the natives, together with three specimens of their folk-lore, which bear a striking resemblance to other African tales, the hare being represented as having the mastery over the other animals through his cunning.

A second edition of Prof. John S. Mackenzie's 'Introduction to Social Philosophy' is published by Macmillan & Co. The changes introduced in this edition are, on the whole, slight, consisting chiefly of references to the recent literature of the subject, and of occasional footnotes. While Prof. Mackenzie's results are not, perhaps, very definite in character, the spirit of his book is philosophical, and his method of treating social problems is critical and suggestive.

'The Book of Athletics,' published by the Lothrop Publishing Co. of Boston, is edited by Norman W. Bingham, Jr., a distinguished college athlete. It is an ambitious effort to cover the whole athletic field in twenty-four short chapters, and the verdict must be that the effort is not a successful one. The subject has been pretty thoroughly threshed out of late years on both sides of the Atlantic, with perhaps excessive elaboration, and it is not easy to imagine a *raison d'être* for this sketchy volume. The print is good, but the illustrations uneven, and some of them preposterous—especially those at page 30 and page 48. In the latter case, four gentlemen of normal size are represented as playing lawn tennis in a court about 10 feet long by 5 feet wide.

It was a good thought to offer new editions of the great classics in a handy form, with introductions by eminent scholars. Mr. Page's to Virgil, in Macmillan's "Parnassus Series," is chiefly literary, including Tennyson's well-known ode; Mr. Leaf's to Homer is critical. But it is obvious that whatever merit the contents have, it is the form to which the publishers chiefly mean our attention to be directed. The volumes are in glazed boards, emblazoned with classic designs in dull Pompeian red, and wrapped in covers like the case of a caramel. The paper is very white and very rough; uncut in every sense of the word, with ragged edges, and a top that needs a paper-cutter; the type very black and rather pretty in the Virgil, very fantastic in the Homer, meant to imitate a diminutive uncial MS., and giving all scholars past fifty very distinctly to know that the end of the century outstrips them even in its Greek alphabet. It is well to have pretty pocket editions; but Virgil and Homer are the last books to have *fin-de-siècle* elegances thrust upon them.

A little work, 'Unsere Muttersprache, ihr Werden und ihr Wesen," by Prof. Dr. O. Weise (Leipzig: Teubner), deserves the special attention of that vast majority of students and teachers of German who, from choice or necessity, are devoting themselves to the literary rather than the philological side of the study. The essay, which was awarded a prize by the Allgemeiner Deutscher Sprachverein, is designed for cultured readers who are not specialists; even a knowledge of Old and Middle-High German is not requisite for its comprehension. On the other hand, the author has kept abreast of modern scholarship, and references to the works of most of the leading specialists are abundant. The intimate relation between the language and the genius and life of the people is kept before the reader throughout the book, a feature which distinguishes it from Behaghel's well-known work on the same subject. Commendable care has been bestowed upon the style, which is as easy as comports with the nature of the work.

Klee's 'Grundzüge der Deutschen Litteraturgeschichte,' although about the size of Kluge's 'Nationallitteratur' or König's 'Abriss,' is quite different from these, and might serve as a good companion-book for either. While these two aim to give the reader a brief account of the lives of the great writers and the contents of their works, Klee endeavors to show the rise and development of the literature and its factors. Instead of analyzing the great classics, he shows how they were influenced by previous productions, and how they in turn influenced subsequent ones. The biographical portions of the book are frequently in the form of a syllabus, merely giving topics for the teacher to enlarge upon or for the reader to look up elsewhere. The treatment of contemporary writers is even far more meagre than that in Wells's recent 'History of German Literature'; the writers of the seventies and eighties are discussed in about two pages, while the radical leaders of the present decade are spoken of as the naturalistic school, but Sudermann and Hauptmann are the only ones mentioned.

Siberia is the subject of the two articles of most general interest in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for October. The first is a description of its navigable streams and their relations to each other. The writer shows that it would not be difficult so to connect them with a few canals and roads as to make a complete system of water communication throughout the country from the mouth of the Amur to Archangel. By this means the development of the land would be hastened. The other article is a statistical account of the province of Yeniseisk, from which we learn that the population in 1891 was 461,000, of whom 4,050 were Armenians. The population is slowly increasing, though the death-rate of the towns is greater than the birth-rate. Scarcely a tenth of the arable land is cultivated, the principal products being corn and potatoes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ten thousand people are occupied in washing gold, the product for 1891 being 6,878 pounds, or less than half the amount obtained twenty years ago. There are a few manufactories, tanneries, and breweries, the entire annual business of the province amounting to about eight million rubles.

The principal article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November is by Mr. J. Dodd, a resident of the island of Formosa for twenty-five years. Referring to the great decline of the trade in camphor, once the principal export, and the reckless destruction by the Chinese of the camphor forests, he expresses the hope that since there is an increased demand for the gum in the manufacture of smokeless powder, the Japanese will take immediate measures to replant the waste lands. Tea is now by far the most important article of export, Tamsui alone shipping annually about twenty million pounds. The mineral wealth, especially in gold and iron, is known to be considerable, though a large part of the island is still unexplored. Coal and sulphur are found in large quantities, and in several places in the interior there are flowing springs of petroleum which are unworked because of obstructions on the part of the mandarins. In another article Mr. Healtey urges the claims of Akik, a port on the Red Sea south of Suakin, to be the terminus of the proposed railroad to Khartum on the upper Nile.

Sun and Shade (New York Photogravure Co.) continues in its last three monthly issues its examples of color printing, which still show a want of complete control of the primary colors employed in the three or more impressions. In the November issue the view from nature of Prospect Park is more interesting than its predecessors from pigments, because more difficult from the conditions of the process; but it leaves something to be desired.

The *Photographic Times* for January not only will be profusely illustrated, but will begin the serial publication of an 'Encyclopædic Dictionary of Photography' on a scale not yet attempted.

A new mode of producing alcohol, by which its price will be reduced by four-fifths or nine-tenths, must revolutionize many arts. Carbide of calcium and zinc-scraps mixed are acted on by dilute sulphuric acid. Ethylene results. This gas, led over hot sulphuric acid, makes ethyl-sulphuric acid, now used to make ether. From ethyl-sulphuric acid alcohol can be directly distilled. In this way, the promoters promise to produce 96 per cent. alcohol needing no rectification for something like 25 cents a gallon; but it is impossible to verify this figure. Still, something like that may be hoped for. When, thirty or forty years ago, Berthelot made his first announcement of the production of an "organic" body by synthesis—it was, by the way, the same acetylene which is now influential in producing the ethylene for the first step of the above process—nobody dreamed that it meant anything more than the overthrow of the theory that "organic" compounds can be produced only by vital processes. To-day it has become an economic truth. The maxim is: Do not make high products merely to break them down to obtain low products. Do not resort to the agencies of growth to make celluloid and starch, when all you want is the far lower compound, alcohol.

The Prussian Minister of Education, Dr. Julius Bosse, has given yet another proof of his liberal attitude towards students regardless of sex, by granting permission to a contingent of sixty-seven American women to attend certain winter lectures at the University of Berlin. This apparent "favoritism" to our countrywomen has drawn forth a protest from German women, many of whom have been excluded from the same courses. There seems little doubt that German women who desire university instruction meet with every obstacle that custom and law permit from the hands of German professors.

What might seem like a temporary check to the movement for the higher education of women in Great Britain has been given by the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, London, in refusing the petition of the London School of Medicine for Women for the admission of its students to the examinations and diplomas of these professional colleges. While it is true that the students of the London School of Medicine for Women may obtain legal status by passing the examinations of London University or the Society of Apothecaries, they are still so far handicapped by ancient prejudice and the privileges of vested rights that, if they desire a diploma from a college of physicians or surgeons, they must go to Ireland or Scotland or the Continent to procure one, thus increasing needlessly the expense and fatigue of their examinations. It is interesting, therefore, to find that, in spite of small adverse majorities, the debates and divisions of these autocratic bodies register a real advance in general professional opinion as to the right and fitness of women to become medical practitioners. Of the 109 fellows present at the Comitia of the Royal College of Physicians, 50 voted in favor of the women's petition.

—An interesting point in the law of literary property is raised by the correspondence in the *Critic* of October 26 and November 2, concerning the reprinting of a story by Mrs. R. H. Davis without her permission. The publisher, it seems, claims that, having bought certain property—apparently the good will of a defunct periodical—he acquired the right to republish any contribution thereto. He did this in the case of Mrs. Davis's story without even mentioning that it had been previously printed. Now this is a matter not provided for by our statutes, nor has such a case, to our knowledge, come to trial in this country; but, in default of specific statutory provision, our courts usually follow English precedents, and we have one applicable in the case of the Bishop of Hereford vs. Griffin, in 1848. The Bishop had written an article for an encyclopædia, and some years later the defendant, having bought the copyright of this, reissued the plaintiff's article in another form. He was, however, enjoined from continuing the publication, the judge holding that the copyright rests in the author except in so far as he specifically parts with it, and that the right to publish in one form did not authorize the use of the same matter in another form. The opinion is given at length in the *Literary World* of March 25, 1848. As Miss Mary E. Wilkins made a similar complaint a year or two since, it would appear that American authors are not aware of their rights in the premises.

—The placing in the Public Library of Boston of the new decoration by Puvis de Chavannes has stimulated an interest in that eminent painter, and L. Prang & Co. publish in pamphlet form a sketch of him by Lily Lewis Rood. The summer number of *Modern Art*, from the same publishers, is also largely devoted to the great modern decorator and to his virulent critic, Dr. Max Nordau. Neither Miss Rood's pamphlet nor the translation from Roger Ballu in *Modern Art* can be said to give much in the way of illuminating criticism or of interesting fact, both being attempts at saying, in more or less eloquent language, that the writers find Puvis's work very beautiful. How and why it is beautiful they help one little to discern. One of the illustrations in the pamphlet, a female head, will give a new view of Puvis's art to many. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's letter on Nordau is another exposure of that bumptious person's entire ignorance of art. Mr. Shaw characterizes Nordau's art criticism as "the work of a pretentious ignoramus, instantly recognizable as such by any expert," adding, "I copy his bluntness of speech as a matter of courtesy to him." But although Mr. Shaw gives many instances of Nordau's blundering, he does not succeed in showing that writer's radical misconception of art so thoroughly as does Nordau himself in a criticism of Puvis de Chavannes's Boston decoration, which the editor of *Modern Art* reproduces in the same number from a Vienna newspaper. This, while more violent, is in the vein of his remarks in the *Century* on the same artist. Puvis is "affected" and "insincere" because his color is non-natural. If not insincere, he must be diseased. All this is, of course, the result of a failure to understand that the end of Puvis's art is not representation, but decoration, and that the actual truth of nature is neither here nor there. Fact, both of form and color, has been purposely sacrificed to the flatness and simplicity desirable in mural painting, and the critic who fails to understand this, and finds fault with a decoration for not being realistic or for lack of fulness and richness of color, merely condemns himself.

—The London Bibliographical Society does much good work in a quiet way, and its publications, though not apt to be advertised or boomed, are always well worth having. The latest is an 'Iconography of Don Quixote, 1605–1895,' by Mr. H. S. Ashbee. The list he gives of pictures of every kind, paintings, engravings, and drawings, done to illustrate the work of Cervantes will, however, interest the bibliophile rather than the artist. Mr. Ashbee himself laments, in his preface, that these have been, as a rule, unimportant. "It must be owned, I fear," he writes, "that no work of art emanating from Spain's most famous literary production can be placed in the very foremost rank." This is in a large measure true. From Coypel downward to Doré, few of 'Don Quixote's' illustrators produced work that from the artistic standpoint is worth preserving. This is all the more curious because the subject seems ever to have attracted, and one finds artists as different as Chodowiecki and Stothard and Bonington and Devéria, all making an attempt to treat it pictorially. It was natural that so picturesque a figure as the Knight of La Mancha should have appealed to the men of 1830. *L'Artiste*, the organ of the Romanticists, published numerous illustrations of the story. Daumier made it the motive for more than one painting. Mr. Ashbee mentions his "Don Quixote et Sancho se rendant aux noces de Gamache," exhibited in the Salon of 1850; and we have seen a couple of large oil studies by him which were so beautiful in color, so poetic in feeling, that we have always wondered why Daumier should be best remembered as a caricaturist. There is not, it must be confessed, much effort to tell the story, but one of these studies, which shows Don Quixote a strange, gaunt, but majestic figure, with Sancho Panza in a wild, rocky pass of the Sierra Morena, seems to us, vague impres-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion as it is, to possess more of the sentiment of Cervantes than any of the elaborate illustrations, full of all sorts of correct detail. Of the illustrated editions, one of the most interesting belongs to the same period. This is the volume illustrated by Tony Johannot, whose drawings for it were engraved on wood by some of the best French and English wood-engravers of the day, among others the Thompsons, Williamses, and Orrin Smith, who were all pupils of Bewick and Clennell. It is a book now sought by the collectors because of these engravings. Quite as interesting, and really more successful artistically, is the English edition with drawings by A. Boyd Houghton and engravings by the Dalziels, published in 1866 by Frederick Warne. Houghton is one of the greatest illustrators who ever worked in England, and if Daumier was the most satisfactory painter of Don Quixote, Houghton must be said to have been the most sympathetic and vigorous interpreter in black and white. Little else is of special note in the long list. Mr. Ashbee has done his work most thoroughly. He gives at the end a good index and useful tables of editions and authorities consulted. His monograph has been admirably printed at the University Press of Aberdeen.

—The Society of Illustrators in London is but a comparatively youthful organization, not quite two years old; but it has not been idle, and already it is prepared to give its first public exhibition, as is appropriate, in an illustrated volume to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan in New York and London. This is called 'The London Garland,' and the wonder is that, without waiting for the Society of Illustrators, the book was not made long ago. London is, for the artist, the most picturesque place in the world, and it is one where many poets have sung; an illustrated anthology seems, therefore, almost inevitable. The Illustrators have secured the best of literary editors in Mr. W. E. Henley, whose knowledge may be relied upon and whose own "Voluntaries" gives the true spirit and beauty of London, in its fogs and in its sunshine, on its river and in its parks and streets, more truly, probably, than any verses ever yet written. He begins the collection with Chaucer and Lydgate; he includes, of course, Drayton, the Thames of whose 'Polyolbion' flows through London, and Ben Jonson and Herrick and Suckling; Pope and Gay and Carey, among others, represent the eighteenth century; while, from the time of Keats and Praed and Hood to the present, there is almost too much to choose from. All the great poets of later generations, Tennyson, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, as well as a host of the lesser, have had their songs to sing of London town. The illustrations are as varied as the verse. Mr. Whistler and Sir Seymour Haden contribute, Mr. Whistler illustrating Mr. Henley's "Old Chelsea Bridge," so that here will be had the happy combination of the two men who, above all others, have known how to express the mystery and poetry of the Thames in paint and in words. There is work from draughtsmen as opposed in their manner and methods as Mr. Abbey and Mr. Beardsley, Sir James D. Linton and Mr. Anning Bell. There is a design by Mr. Frederick Sandys, who, it has been suggested, was not included among the pre-Raphaelites, though their contemporary and in close sympathy with their methods, because he was a more accomplished artist than any of them, and who, after having been forgotten for many years, is now beginning to receive the recognition he deserves. There are drawings by Mr. Parsons, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Partridge, Mr. Phil May, and Mr. Hatherell, and but few of the younger men of note have allowed themselves to be omitted from a really distinguished list. The chief interest, however, lies in the fact that never before, probably, has a book been produced on quite the same principles. Artists are accused of never being able to hold together, but here is a notable proof that they can. The drawings number almost a hundred, and all have been done by the Illustrators solely for the love of their profession. Whatever profits there may be, and, judging from advance sheets, these should not be small, will go, not to the artists themselves, but to their society.

—M. Henri Fazy is well known to historians for his numerous careful and valuable works upon the history of Geneva. As director of the archives of the city and canton, he has brought to light many valuable documents concerning the Republic of Geneva, the importance of which, both in political and religious history, cannot be overestimated. M. Fazy's last work, 'Les Suisses et la Neutralité de la Savoie, 1703–1704' (Geneva: W. Kündig & Fils), throws light on a little-known episode of the War of the Spanish Succession. Among the enemies whom Louis XIV. had aroused by his ambitious policy, was Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy. This able and ambitious prince, afraid of having to bear the brunt of the attack of the French armies, entered into negotiations with the Swiss Republic, offering to incorporate his ancestral duchy of Savoy in the Confederation if the Swiss Diet would guarantee its neutrality and thus protect his Italian possessions from invasion on that side. Louis XIV. soon heard of the offer of his enemy, and proceeded on his part to offer the Swiss strong inducements to refuse the tempting bait which Victor Amadeus held out. Both sovereigns were represented in Switzerland by diplomatists of the very first order, and the despatches which M. Fazy publishes reveal a campaign of diplomacy of the very highest interest. At one moment, the French envoy, the Marquis de Puisieux, at another the Savoyard envoy, M. de Mellarède, got the best of the struggle, and the different parties in the Swiss Diet were handled by them with the skill of accomplished chess-players. The question of the neutrality of Savoy lost its importance in 1704 after the Duke of Marlborough's crushing defeat of the French army at Blenheim, but, at the time, it was of really European importance, and it quite deserves to be drawn from the oblivion in which it has hitherto lain.

—For the first time in the history of total eclipses of the sun, a popular excursion has been organized to witness an impressive phenomenon of this character. Heretofore confined solely to scientific men and such natives as may chance to be along the line of the lunar shadow, this most spectacular of natural events will now be witnessed by a party of tourists in Lapland. The Orient Steam Navigation Company of London propose to send one of their steamships to Vadsö in the Varanger Fiord, about 30 degrees east longitude, in order to convey any travellers who may wish, to this point in the path of totality. Leaving London on July 21, the party will visit Odde, Bergen, Naes, Molde, Trondhjem, Hammerfest, and the North Cape, reaching Vadsö on August 3. The eclipse occurring the 9th, the steamer will leave August 10, and arrive in London by the 17th. The round-trip fare for this unique journey will be 40 guineas, and it is suggested as especially desirable that early booking be made, since the excursion promises to be very popular. Parties of astronomers from France, England, and other European countries will establish observing stations at or near Vadsö, whence the line of totality runs across Nova Zembla, northern and eastern Siberia, and the Hokkaido or Yezo, the northernmost of the large islands of Japan. The astronomer royal of England, Mr. W. H. M. Christie, will go to Yezo with an observing party, travelling by way of America and the Pacific Ocean; and an American party, under Prof. Todd of Amherst, will also establish itself in the north of Japan. The yacht *Coronet* has been generously placed at the disposal of this last expedition by its owners, Mr. D. Willis James and his son Mr. Arthur Curtiss James of the New York Yacht Club, who also defray the other expenses of the trip. The *Coronet*, carrying the heavier and more bulky instruments, left New York a few days since for its long passage round Cape Horn, in order to be in time to meet the party at San Francisco when they shall have crossed the continent in the late spring. Thence the expedition in the *Coronet* will cross the Pacific, stopping at Honolulu for a week or two, and proceeding from there to Yezo by July 1, it is expected, so as to afford ample time for all preparations for the sun's total obscuration on August 9.

GRIFFIS'S TOWNSEND HARRIS.

Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. Pp. viii, 351.

JAPAN did not want to make the Treaties. That much is clear, and always has been. They were treaties of fear—not the gross fear of the Perry or the Elgin cannon, but of the speedy possibilities of countless future cannon and of war. But what has seldom been recognized is that this supplies a simple explanation of all the diplomatic delays, twistings, hindrances, "lies," which are so frequently chronicled in the Harris journal and elsewhere. If a waylaid traveller could persuade the robber to let him pass, by pleading his haste to his father's deathbed and by promising to return the next day with bountiful ransom, he would chuckle at the success of his diplomacy—his only available weapon—and would properly protest against imputations upon the morality of his trick or of his failure to keep his promise. No other was the condition of the Japanese, in their view, and even Sir Rutherford Alcock (p. xiv) has admitted that their dissimulation was a natural expedient of self-defence in the hour of danger.

Whether they ought to have opened their country to us, and whether we had a right to demand this by force, is not so clear, and perhaps never will be. Sydney Smith said: "I am for bombarding all the exclusive Asiatics, who shut up the earth and will not let me walk civilly through it, doing no harm and paying for what I want." But a larger view, in the light of Mr. Hearn's analysis of Japanese life and Miss Simcox's portrayal of Chinese civilization, may leave us in doubt whether these peoples, after all, will gain in what makes life worth living by their entrance into the "comity" of Western nations. That the latter have gained is beyond doubt.

Another thing which has been supposed not to be clear is, whether, assuming that gunboat treaties are of a shady morality, our own na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, through its representative, shared in that reproach, or whether its commercial treaty of 1858 was secured by pure diplomacy and voluntarily given by Japan. This it is which was to be cleared up once for all by the present volume. What are the facts? By 1850, England, France, Russia, Holland, and ourselves were all casting eyes towards Japan. In 1854 Commodore Perry had exacted the promise of a commercial treaty, and in 1857 Townsend Harris, with full diplomatic powers, arrived to negotiate it. After months of arduous work he had by March 8, 1858, secured the draft, together with a promise pledging the imperial signature by April 21. Among his strongest arguments had been the lesson of "contemporaneous events in India and China [forcing China to fight or make treaties], and the presence of large British and French fleets in neighboring waters [China]," and the great importance of averting disadvantageous gunboat treaties or even war by arranging without delay a satisfactory treaty which should serve as a sample for the other nations then on the way (Harris, pp. 238, 314; Alcock, p. 196). By June 18 he had agreed to postpone the date of signing to September 4, owing to difficulty in getting the imperial signature; and on that day he returned from Yedo to Shimoda to wait for September. Late in June the British and French fleets took the Peiho forts, and China's fate was sealed. On July 23 the *Mississippi* arrived at Shimoda with the news of this event and of the approaching departure of the foreign fleets for Japan on gunboat-treaty errands. Immediately Mr. Harris wrote to the Shogunate of "the very great importance of having the treaty signed without the loss of a single day." On July 27 he went up to Yokohama, on the 28th the Japanese commissioners came down with the treaty, and on the 29th it was executed. Before the end of the autumn the gunboat treaty fleet appeared, and similar treaties were added.

What is there new in this? Absolutely nothing, except a few circumstantial dates. The whole story, as told by Mr. Harris himself to Sir Rutherford Alcock, first British Minister to Japan, has been before the world for nearly thirty years, in the latter's book, 'Three Years in Japan' (pp. 193-200). There are two questions, to be sure, that arise. One is, would Mr. Harris have succeeded if the fleet had never left China? Sir Rutherford thinks it doubtful, but Mr. Harris's journal makes the contrary nearly certain. The other and more important question is, Did Mr. Harris, though using no force himself, utilize the force of others as the lever for his demands? On this question there can be but one answer—that of Sir Rutherford Alcock, that, "while demonstrating the 'peaceful and friendly' policy of his own Government, he was really invoking the effective aid of the belligerent resources and prestige which were the objects of reprobation" (p. 199); and his editor's efforts (Harris, p. 318) to convey the contrary impression cannot avail. Nor is the impression, also conveyed by the editor (pp. vi, 317), that to European historians "his work and his moral influence are alike unknown" and "the historic page has a blank," in accord with the facts; for though the editor limits this charge to "most" historians, Sir Rutherford's treatment of the subject (pp. 33, 193) gives Mr. Harris full credit in perhaps the most popular book ever written on Japan short of Miss Bird's and the 'Mikado's Empire.'

This is detracting nothing from Mr. Harris's talents as a diplomatist. In Oriental intercourse there has been no diplomatic passage of such keen and admirable skill, apart from the labors of Anson Burlingame shortly afterwards, and the negotiations of the Pekin Diplomatic Corps on the audience question in 1891. Mr. Schuyler would surely have taken pleasure in naming Townsend Harris among the greatest American diplomats. The difference between his successful way and Sir Rutherford's unsuccessful way may be seen by comparing the former's methods on p. 246 and elsewhere with the latter's letter at p. 215 of his book.

Nor could a better editor have been found for these journals than the writer whose study of Perry's life and authorship of the 'Mikado's Empire,' together with the fullest acquaintance with Japanese affairs, had pointed him out as the person peculiarly fitted for this editorship. There is one article, however, of Dr. Griffis's creed, often to the front in this volume, but now and ever to be dissented from. This is that the Shogunate Government, the supreme political force and the agent of foreign intercourse until 1868, was a "sham," a "fraud," "built on lies" (pp. 25, 115), and so on. If we could imagine that the next Guelph should be forced to live in retirement at Balmoral, surrounded by Scottish nobles but bereft of all but that pomp and name of sovereignty which is instinctively sacred even to English radicals, the situation would be similar enough to that which Harris found. But this actual supremacy of the Cabinet and Prime Minister holding the Great Seals would be beyond doubt a constitutional and orthodox fact, affirmed by public will and custom; and if a traveller should inquire who had the power to make treaties or appoint a poet laureate, the sham and the lie would consist rather in naming the Guelph at Balmoral than in pointing out the Cabinet at London. The Shogun of Japan had for two centuries possessed constitutional power to make treaties, and he made both the Perry and the Harris treaties. It was only as a means of coercing the minority in the Government in an unprecedented emergency that the Emperor's seal was sought (though in vain) at Kyoto; and this situation appears to have been fully explained to Mr. Harris (pp. 121, 288, 300). It is unjust to apply such unfounded epithets to a Government which for two centuries kept feudal Japan in such a state of peace and plenty ("more like the golden age of simplicity and honesty," "security for person and property, universal frugality and contentment," says Mr. Harris, p. 198) as Europe would have been glad to see in any like period since the Christian era.

A more important matter is the apparent omission of one-half of the Harris material. Mr. Harris arrived in Japan in August, 1856, and left in April, 1862. His journal, here given, goes to February, 1858; and a short chapter fills in from other sources his doings till August, 1858. But of the remaining period (for full three years of which he was Minister Resident), including the time of Elgin's negotiations and the important three years at Yedo of which Alcock has given us a partisan account from the English side—of this period of Mr. Harris's great successes, there is practically nothing in this volume. Even the year of his departure from Japan is not given. If there were a total lack of letters, we ought to know it (yet the State Department has printed several); but it is unfortunate that no explanation is made of this gap covering one-half of the whole six years for which alone Harris is famous. A similar criticism must be made of the mode of dealing with the opinion of Mr. Harris, quoted without a reference, on p. 332, that "the extra-territoriality given to the people of the United States who are in Japan is against my conscience." This was a weighty word in its day, and helped Japan out on a crucial occasion. It occurred in a letter to Mr. E. H. House, now in Japan, and has been widely published. But there is no clue here to its origin or to the context.

WATTS'S DON QUIXOTE.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Done into English by Henry Edward Watts. A new edition, with notes, original and selected. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 4 vols., 8vo. 1895.

THERE is a mediæval French formula, which was sometimes used by poets as a phrase of promise to their hearers, indicating the best thing to be obtained from their songs—*Joie et soulaz*, joy and solace. Perhaps the promise was not always fulfilled, and yet the phrase remains one of the most adequate statements we have of the true literary purpose. In our realistic and pessimistic days we have largely forgotten it; but we shall return to it, and Time will have accomplished one of his best strokes in consigning to oblivion those self-styled works of literature that do not give us this reward for our pains in reading them.

Of modern books few have succeeded in giving generations of readers this reward so abundantly as has 'The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha.' We shall not dwell anew upon its qualities—neither its lesser purpose as a destroyer of idle tales of chivalry, nor its larger human intentions, its humor, its pathos. All the world knows its wit and its eloquence, and has tasted the savor of its *españolismo*, perceiving how this yet manages to blend itself with a certain quintessential flavor of universal human emotion and experience. The man who has read it will not endure an exposition of it in terms of subjective and objective, or other jargon of fashionable criticism; and he who has not read it had best read nothing of ours till he has done so.

It is a pleasure to think that nowhere, except in his own country, has Cervantes found a more steadfast admiration than in England. If a knowledge of Spanish has failed him, as has too often been the case, the Englishman has not refused to put up with translations. When the First Part of 'Don Quixote' had been in print but seven years, and still three years before the author had published his Second Part, Thomas Shelton issued his hasty yet Elizabethan version of what had appeared (1612); and eight years later he had Englished the Second Part, completing the first translation of the book into a foreign tongue. Since Shelton the English public has never lacked translators of 'Don Quixote.' Through the seventeenth and eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they stretch, a long line, most of them mediocre, several of them abominably bad. It were an ungrateful task to resurrect them—Phillips, Motteux, Jarvis, Smollett, and the rest—though a patient public still has their wares offered it by the guileful modern publisher. We, too, have our translators, and better than these. Within fifteen years no less than three new English versions of 'Don Quixote' have appeared, and a fourth has already been announced. The first of the three was by Mr. A. J. Duffield (3 vols., London, 1881); the second was by Mr. John Ormsby, whose death is just announced (4 vols., London, 1885); the third, by Mr. Watts, appeared in an *édition de luxe*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1888, and has just been reissued, rearranged and revised, in a cheaper, though still very elegant, form. It is with these three versions, and particularly the last, that we shall here mainly concern ourselves.

Translating 'Don Quixote' is not a task that the literary tyro, eager to soar to fame on another man's Pegasus, or the literary dilettante, *homo unius libri*, can safely undertake. Not even a knowledge of Spanish gained by assiduous reading, or by actual familiarity with contemporary Sancho Panzas, will carry such to their goal. For the first need of the successful translator is style, and style of a kind that the modern man, from the nature of the case, is very unlikely to possess. It would almost seem as if Cervantes had here set a trap for the unwary. There is ever something so easy and apparently negligent about his manner, he gives so little sign of research and care, he seems so ready to say plainly and simply whatever the occasion demands, that the rare and precious quality of his language reveals itself only to him who is able to analyze the effects of words upon the emotions and the imagination, as well as upon the intelligence. This prose, that seems so unemphatic, so straightforward, and so clear, is also buoyant, is noble, is eloquent. This plain statement of fact is something more than statement of fact: it is fact so presented as never to intrude itself as such, and yet always to give a body of flesh and blood to thought. These general reflections are not the abstract formulas by which pure reason sums up the results of its processes; they are rather life and action mirroring themselves for a moment upon the brain. This humor of Sancho Panza, grotesque or coarse though it appear at times, is no more the mere natural untutored wit and wisdom of the gross Manchegan peasant realistically rendered than it is the jocosity of the courtier travestied in rustic garb. Cervantes has not several manners, adapted one to narration, another to eloquent moralizing, a third to vulgar wit, and so forth. On the contrary, he is a supreme artist, with a single style, ever the same in tone, yet capable of conveying the most various matters. Whether his story rise to the noblest meditations or decline to the most ludicrous adventures, he is never untrue to himself; he speaks always with the same air of indefinable courtesy and good breeding, with the same sure and tactful phrase, with the same just blending of fact and reflection. And such a style, we say, is the despair of the modern man. He who attempts to reproduce it finds pitfalls on every side. If he would give its buoyant gayety, he becomes jaunty; if he would retain its freshness and directness, he becomes colloquial, or even slangy; if he would render its fine seriousness, he grows rhetorical; and if he would preserve its well-bred air, he takes refuge in vagueness and generality of phrase. In truth, the art of this prose has been understood but for a brief time among Englishmen. The Elizabethans knew the secret of it, though they did not always practise it; and with them the secret died.

There is, then, but one safe course for the modern translator of 'Don Quixote' to take. He must turn to the single Elizabethan translation of the book we have, and must make that the basis of his work. There will, of course, be much to change. Shelton was far from sound in his Spanish, and he wrought with unpardonable haste; but his manner is right, the true manner of Cervantes in 'Don Quixote.' Subsequent translators have now and then hit upon a happy rendering, and all such must be culled and saved; but Shelton alone has found the style that is the style of the original.

It is to the credit of the first of our recent translators, Mr. Duffield, that he should have seen this, and so initiated the proper treatment of 'Don Quixote' in modern English. Furthermore, long years of study (twenty, he tells us) had enabled him to straighten out many a tangle that had baffled his predecessors. And yet, with all its many excellences, his translation was not a final and adequate one, for it had two qualities that are not qualities of 'Don Quixote'—it was quaint and it was jaunty. Picturesque, accordingly, it constantly was, but it rarely had the simple and noble ease of the style of Cervantes. It abounded, moreover, in curious renderings, justifiable, perhaps, by isolated examples, but improbable in the connection in which they stand. The field, then, was fairly open for another competitor, and none more worthy could have appeared than Mr. Ormsby. Already vouched for by an interesting version of the Poem of the Cid, and equipped with a knowledge of Spanish derived from long wandering in the peninsula itself, he succeeded in giving us a rendering whose fidelity and whose dignity are alike deserving of high praise. Here, too, however, there was a defect—in a sense, the defect of these qualities. Mr. Ormsby's prose is the prose of the modern Englishman, of all of us of the post Dryden time—a prose clear and sound, but also, by reason of its very decorousness, somewhat colorless and vague. And this is not the prose of Cervantes, for that is still the prose of the Renaissance, of the Elizabethans, not yet quite disengaged from poetry, still tinted with the flushings of the imagination.

And now comes Mr. Watts—he, too, with more than twenty years of study of 'Don Quixote' behind him, and with an at times excessive assurance of the defects of his predecessors. His method, furthermore, is the true one. He reverts to Shelton, and uses him wherever he can. When he must abandon him, he strives to keep to his manner, happily pillaging the other Elizabethans for locutions that will serve his turn. In his hands, then, Don Quixote appears once more garbed in the true fashion; and on the whole, beyond a doubt, his version deserves the palm over the other two. Yet not even here, alas! can we praise without but or if. This style, in the main so happy, has at times strange lapses both in taste and in idiom. Rarely does the reader finish a page without regrets over at least one locution, and there are certain recurrent forms that at last give positive torture.

But these may seem trivial complainings; and since in such matters example is better than precept, we shall perhaps do well to let the reader compare for himself the methods of our three translators. We will use for this purpose a passage chosen by Mr. Duffield to illustrate his own predecessors, namely, Don Quixote's brief eulogy of poetry (Part II. chapter 16), though the nature of it is such as to show each scholar in his best rather than in his worst or even average manner. And first Mr. Duffield:

"Poetry, noble sir, to my seeming, is like unto a gentle maiden, young in years, and of extreme beauty, whom to enrich, beautify, and adorn is the care of the many maidens who attend her—which be the other sciences—and she must be served of all, while to all these she must lend her lustre. But this same maiden will brook no handling, nor be haled through the streets, nor be published at the corners of the market-place, nor in the palace woods. She is made of an alchemy of such virtue that he who knoweth how to treat her may change her to purest gold of greatest price. He who enjoyeth her must keep her within due bounds, not allowing her to run into unchaste satires or impious sonnets. She must by no means be vendible, unless for heroical poems, or woeful tragedies, or for pleasant and artful comedies; she must not be left to the touch of jesters, nor of the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing and esteeming the treasures which she holds enshrined within her. Nor think, sir, that I mean here by the 'vulgar' merely plebeian and humble people, but rather that all who are ignorant, whether lord or prince, must be reckoned among that crew. Thus, he who with the requisites I have mentioned holds commerce with Poetry, shall become famous, and his name be honored among all the polite nations of the world."

And next Mr. Ormsby:

"Poetry, gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences; and she must avail herself of the help of all; and all derive their lustre from her. But this maiden will not bear to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, or in the closets of palaces. She is the product of an alchemy of such virtue that he who is able to practise it will turn her into pure gold of inestimable worth. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds, not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets. She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies. She must not be touched by the buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do not suppose, señor, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to plebeians and the lower orders; for every one who is ignorant, be he lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then, who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have named, shall become famous, and his name honored throughout all the civilized nations of the earth."

Finally, let us hear Mr. Watts:

"Poetry, gentle sir, I may liken, methinks, to a maiden, tender and of few years, and of all perfect beauty, whom it is the study of many other maidens—to wit, all the other sciences—to enrich, polish, and endow; and she has to be served of all, and all have to exalt her lustre. But this maiden cares not to be handled nor trailed about the streets, nor be made public in the market corners, nor in the purlieus of palaces. She is formed of an alchemy of such virtue that he who knows how to treat her will transmute her into purest gold of inestimable price. He who possesses her must keep her within bounds, not letting her run into base lampoons or impious sonnets; she must be in no wise vendible, unless it be in heroic poems, in doleful tragedies, or in merry and artful comedies. She must not suffer herself to be handled by mountebanks, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or of valuing the treasures which in her are enshrined. And think not, sir, that I call the vulgar here only plebeian and humble people, for every one who is ignorant, let him be lord or prince, can and should be included in the category of the vulgar; so he who, with the qualifications I have named, shall take up and treat poetry, shall become famous, and his name be held in esteem among all the polite nations of the world."

Assuredly, the superiority here does not lie with Mr. Watts at every point. In view of the figure, his 'polish' is less good as a rendering of the Spanish *pulir* than Mr. Ormsby's 'bedeck' or Mr. Duffield's 'beautify.' 'Impious' can hardly be the meaning of *desalmados*, applied to sonnets. 'Which in her are enshrined' is a bit of prettiness not to be found in the Spanish; and Mr. Watts would have been wise had he kept to Shelton's version of *no quiere ser manoseada*, she 'will not be handled.' Still, as it seems to us, his style has an imaginative color that Mr. Ormsby's lacks; while at the same time it is mainly free from extravagances like Mr. Duffield's 'haled through the streets' and 'reckoned among that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crew.' And, in general, these excellences characterize his translation as a whole.

We have left ourselves no space for the discussion of Mr. Watts's numerous notes and appendices. His Life of Cervantes, which really forms the fifth volume of this edition, we shall discuss in another article. We can only say here that as a commentator he shows wide but far from systematic or sure learning. He is not at all infallible in his linguistic remarks, and he occasionally commits an astounding blunder, as when (vol. iii., p. 417) he speaks of "the Latin tongue which had been imposed on Gothic Spain by the Romans," and says that "it is probable that Latin never was a spoken language in the Peninsula." His classification of the romances of chivalry is unsound; and his discussion of the difficult Amadis question shows no acquaintance with the results of modern investigators like Braga and Carolina Michaelis de Vasconcellos. Still, a translation of Don Quixote must be judged mainly by literary rather than philological canons; and such a judgment will be in the main not unfavorable to Mr. Watts. Yet we do not think Mr. Santayana need give up his projected version by reason of the unapproachable excellence of this latest adventurer in the field.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan. By James Morier. With an introduction by E. G. Browne. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. —Also, with an introduction by the Hon. George Curzon, M.P., New York: Macmillan.

Mr. E. G. Browne, in his biographical and descriptive introduction to 'Hajji Baba,' expresses a doubt whether any Englishman who has not read Mr. Morier's once famous book can, "in the full meaning of the word, be described as cultivated." If this reproach may be so freely construed as to include Americans, an opportunity for wiping it out immediately is afforded by this fine Chicago edition in two volumes, as well as by the handsome if less pretentious one-volume edition in Macmillan's series. Barbarians, indifferent to the seal of cultivation, are also put in the way of filling several hours with delightful entertainment.

"The art of a story-teller," said the dervish Kessehgou, one of Hajji's associates in crime, "is to make his story interminable, and still to interest his audience, and it is that which marks the man of genius." Accepting the dervish's definition, Mr. Morier was unquestionably a man of genius, for the interest in the adventures of Hajji is so well kept up, with so little appearance of effort, that it seems as if the recital might go on for ever providing distraction for dull moments. During the first quarter of this century, Mr. Morier was an attaché of English missions to Persia, and for six years had charge of the English embassy in Teheran. In these years he published some volumes of travel in the East which he felt to be so defective in spirit and vividness that he resolved "to collect so many facts and anecdotes of actual life as would illustrate the different stations and ranks of a Mussulman community, and then to work them into a connected narrative." It is interesting to observe one who was first a man of action, not of letters, falling instinctively upon the method in fiction best fitted to reproduce and explain life, and achieving such good results long before that method had been given a name and made to serve as a battle-cry. This is not to say that he originated his method, for he acknowledges a suggestion from 'Gil Blas,' and Hajji's personal place in Western fiction is in the picaresque division, in the ranks of the astute and irreclaimable rogues.

Hajji tells the tale in the first person, and his manner is purely Oriental—grave, deliberate, ironical, approximating most closely to story-telling in the living voice, and farthest from that technically informed construction which aims at literary and dramatic effect. The Persian point of view is so consistently maintained that the foreign observer is revealed only occasionally by severity of satire, while the Englishman appears aggressively but once, when the Shah is made to remark: "A Russian puts on a hat, a tight coat, and tight breeches, shaves his beard, and then calls himself a European. You might just as well tie the wings of a goose to your back and call yourself an angel."

The success of Mr. Morier's assumption of Persian character may be largely attributed to the fact that he was not a professional *littérateur*, and thus escaped betrayal by European traditions, conventions, theories, and prepossessions. Hajji's revelations are not hampered by any suspicion of responsibility to a Christian conscience. He knows there are such abstract qualities as sincerity and truthfulness, but they appear to him ludicrous and silly, positive indications of madness when displayed in practice, as by "a certain tribe of infidels called Ingliz, the most unaccountable people on earth, who live in an island and make penknives." Lies, treachery, hypocrisy, cruelty to inferiors, and cringing before the mighty, have for him no immoral or base significance. These are everybody's weapons, and to use them perfectly is to be an object for public worship and private envy and despair. Therefore, when Hajji comes in collision with a more subtle deceiver than himself, and is completely overreached, he wastes no time in reflection on the futility of evil courses, but scornfully asks his victorious antagonist whose dog he is, declares fervently that God is great and Fate implacable, and directs his energies elsewhere, feeling chiefly that he has learned a thing or two from a more accomplished player in the game of life. Life, indeed, presents no other aspect to him than that of a game in which each man's wit plays for his fortune, and his spontaneous, impregnable cynicism makes Rochefoucauld appear a superficial dilettante, if not an ingenuous child of nature. From the day he leaves the house of his father, Kerbelai Hassan, one of the most celebrated barbers of Ispahan, until the day of his return to that city, a splendid personage in the confidence of the Grand Vizier, he is a magnificent example of devotion to self-interest.

His vicissitudes are extreme, and his adventures of every variety, comic, tragic, melodramatic, and astonishing. He is by turns merchant and pilgrim; a prisoner with Turcomans, and an assistant to the court physician; a water-carrier and street-vender; a dervish and companion of dervishes; a soldier and a saint. He bastinadoes as an official and is bastinadoed as a fakir. He invades a harem and leads an expedition against invading Russians. He journeys to Constantinople, a ragged seller of pipe-sticks, and, pretending to be a rich merchant of Bagdad, marries the widow of an Emir. But his fraud is discovered, and he is cast out from luxury, pursued by the imprecations of enraged relations-in-law. It is after this unhappy episode, when, far from home, depressed in spirits, and very hungry, he appeals for justice to his country's ambassador, that his great talents are recognized, and he becomes important in international affairs. All the scenes through which he passes, and his accompanying procession of strange and picturesque figures, are described with extraordinary minuteness and clearness. The description is not limited to externals, but involves a disclosure of dominant characteristics, motives, and passions. Seemingly innocent of any desire to inform, Hajji depicts his countrymen in their homes, streets, and bazaars, serving at court and dwelling in tents, fighting, trading, praying, marrying, burying, and bribing—the last named occupation being a recognized industry, very important and highly considered.

To the accuracy of these descriptions travellers, diplomatists, and scholars have for half a century given willing testimony, and the traditional advice to those who would see Persia aright still is: Take an English saddle and a copy of 'Hajji Baba.' For those who would spare themselves discomfort and expense, an easy chair and 'Hajji Baba' will do as well, if not better, for they can contemplate the amusing rascal undisturbed by the suspicion that he is lying in wait for them at every turn, and that neither foresight nor preparation can avail them for salvation from his incalculable duplicity.

The Comedies of William Shakespeare. With many Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. Harper & Brothers. 1896.

It was inevitable that Mr. Abbey should sooner or later undertake the illustration of Shakspere. His production has been so enormous that the books specially fitted for his style of illustration were fast being used up, and here was the greatest of them all waiting at his hand. And yet we imagine that it was not without trepidation that he began the task, as it certainly was not without fear that the announcement of it was received. Could even Mr. Abbey do justice to Shakspere, or could he even do justice to himself in so difficult an enterprise? The work is at last completed, and the drawings, most of which have appeared from time to time in *Harper's Magazine*, are now gathered, with the text of the plays, into four noble volumes.

That the illustrations are beautiful in themselves it is unnecessary to say. Mr. Abbey has lost none of his skill with the pen or his hardly lesser skill with the brush, and he has never done anything technically better than these 131 drawings. All of his charm of touch and grace of style are here, and all of his feeling for beauty and knowledge of form. His backgrounds are admirably invented, his costumes are carefully studied and delightfully rendered, his women are as lovely and as graceful as ever and his men as well drawn. Taken as merely fine examples of the modern art of book illustration, nothing could be better, and perhaps nothing by any one else could be so good. But do they adequately illustrate Shakspere? There's the rub. In many cases they undoubtedly do so as nearly as might be expected of human powers. In the forest of Arden Mr. Abbey is at home, and those which may be called the pastoral comedies of Shakspere he is admirably fitted to interpret. *Rosalind* and *Viola* and *Perdita* are exquisite creations, and *Touchstone* and *Sir Andrew* and *Sir Toby* are thoroughly delightful. With these people he is on as intimate a footing as with Sally in our Alley or Miss Hardcastle, and we are delighted to have his aid in furthering our own acquaintance with them. With *Isabella* and *Beatrice* we feel that his intercourse has been something less friendly, while *Titania* and *Ariel* he can know only to bow to. As for the person he introduces to us

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under the name of *Jack Falstaff*, we take him for an arrant impostor. The real *Jack* was not fat only as to the waist, nor did he have this weazened, baked-apple face. He had a leg of goodly girth, and a jolly, noble countenance adorned with a "great peard," and was altogether another man.

In other words, the range of Shakspere's imagination is too great for Mr. Abbey's, and he cannot follow everywhere, even in the comedies alone. There is a passion too deep, and a humor too broad, and a fancy too high, for him. Mr. Abbey is but a man, and but one man, and we may not fairly expect of him the performance of a task that were too hard for an army of illustrators. What he has produced is the best set of illustrations to the comedies of Shakspere yet seen, and a gallery of drawings the beauty and merit of which it would be impossible for another than himself to equal; and this is enough in all conscience.

Considerations on Painting: Lectures given in the year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New York. By John La Farge. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THIS is one of those all too rare books on art written by an artist of standing who knows whereof he speaks, and who is also possessed of a fascinating literary style which lends a charm even to the discussion of dry and technical matters. Of Mr. La Farge's position as a creative artist in paint it is unnecessary to speak, and those who have read his charming Letters from Japan which were published in the *Century Magazine* will be apt to think him almost as admirable and subtle an artist in words. That such a man should be induced to lecture on painting and to publish his lectures in book form, was every way desirable; yet many who went to be instructed from his lips must have been puzzled and disappointed, as will be many who now read him in print, to find how little that is definite and peremptory he has to tell them. Surely, a practitioner of Mr. La Farge's eminence must have strong opinions and strong feelings about the art he practises—must think this right and that wrong, this good and the other bad; but such feelings and opinions, if he has them, he has here carefully suppressed, and there is not a peep of them between the covers of his volume. Dogmatism he abhors, and those who want an authoritative settling of vexed questions and a body of doctrine ready prepared for their swallowing, may go elsewhere with their money. Rather the tone of the book is one of gentle scepticism and of humorous doubt of the validity of any or all doctrine, or of there being any possible final settlement of any question whatever. "I might, perhaps, have shown you more distinctly," he says, "that a white thing is white, and that a black thing is black; nor do I object to doing so in a proper place and time, for, of all things, what we begin to doubt of is the well known, and we can never be too sure that twice one is two—only, what is one and what is two?"

The "place and time" have undoubtedly much to do with this inconclusiveness. Mr. La Farge was lecturing in a museum and to art students, and he may well have felt that the most important lesson of a museum is the lesson of catholicity, and that the art student, generally a very positive person, needs to be taught nothing so much as that there are many kinds of good art, and that all methods are good which express the mind and the vision of a sincere artist. These, too, are the lessons that the lecturer's own habit of thought peculiarly fitted him to teach. So he has produced a series of lectures that can have had only a broadening influence upon the minds of those who heard them; lectures full of suggestion and of thought, full, too, of wit and of delightful anecdote and of charming expression, but of which the final end and result is somewhat elusive. One must often read between the lines and seize upon fleeting hints and half-suggested meanings to perceive that, even with Mr. La Farge, black is after all black, if not so black as it is painted, and that twice one is still two, in spite of unresolved doubts as to the essential nature of one and of two.

Marmontel's Moral Tales. Selected by George Saintsbury. London: George Allen; New York: Macmillan. 1895.

MR. SAINTSBURY has perhaps done wisely, not in editing a translation of a Selection of Marmontel's 'Contes Moraux,' but, if he must edit them, in choosing a "bookseller's version" made a hundred years ago, rather than a bookseller's version of to-day. But even a hundred years ago they should have known better than to translate 'Contes Moraux' by "Moral Tales"—a title which would be a little ludicrous if given to the contents of the original volumes. There is nothing *im*moral in them, but they are as little moral as Marmontel's 'Mémoires' or as Marmontel himself. Mr. Saintsbury has weeded out all but the strictly proper, even excluding the one ("Heureusement") which Sainte-Beuve especially commends; and one would have thought this weeding would have put him on his guard about the title, and would have suggested to him that the true rendering of 'Contes Moraux' would rather be something akin to 'Sketches of Society,' since the French *moral* is scarcely ever translatable by the English 'moral.' The two words are among those pseudo-synonyms of the two languages that are wholly different in meaning—words between which it is most important always to feel the distinction. It is therefore droll to find Mr. Saintsbury saying that Miss Edgeworth took the title of *her* 'Moral Tales' from Marmontel. She (who knew French *intelligently*) would have been aware that, if there was any borrowing, it was rather in the title of her other volumes, 'Tales of Fashionable Life.' Marmontel's stories are tales of fashionable life—the fashionable life of his own day and also of the days of Alcibiades and Solyman, of the Samnites and the Sylphs. He says himself (in the interesting original preface, not given by Mr. Saintsbury): "I have endeavored throughout to paint either social conditions (*les mœurs de la société*) or unsophisticated emotions (*les sentiments de la nature*), and this it is which leads me to give this collection the title of '*Contes Moraux.*'"

The charm of these little stories, and a charm that does not wholly vanish in a translation, is in the vivacity with which they depict the mutual relations of French men and women in the eighteenth century. The frequent dialogues, though occasionally extraordinarily dull (as dull even as the plots), are often extraordinarily lively, and Marmontel justly prided himself on being the first modern author to do away with the "he said" and "she said" of written dialogue, at the same time rendering it impossible to mistake the speaker. Even when fairies become interlocutors, they are full of wit; and a fairy was needed (for neither man nor woman could have dared) to utter the famous saying, that bears repetition yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, "Rien ne ressemble tant aux hommes que les femmes."

Of the volume before us there is no occasion to say more than that it is prettily illustrated. "Chris. Hammond" must be short for Christina, not Christopher, Hammond. The little drawings have the grace and delicacy of a woman's pencil, and one tries to forget that the originals were illustrated by Moreau *jeune*. A translation a hundred years old is not worth criticising, and Mr. Saintsbury's editing still less so; so we seem to have only commendation to bestow. Yet there is a confusing misprint on p. 378 of "days" for *months*.

Margaret and her Friends; or, Ten Conversations with Margaret Fuller upon the Mythology of the Greeks and its Expression in Art. Reported by Caroline Healey Dall. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1895.

THESE ten conversations were held by Margaret Fuller at the house of the Rev. George Ripley in Boston in 1841. The other end of the conversation was sustained by Emerson, Alcott, Elizabeth Peabody, the Ripleys, and others of the coterie—twenty-odd in all; and Caroline Healey, considerably younger than the others, was the chiel that took the notes. The book will not edify the classical student. Even after allowance is made for the growth since that day of philological science, Miss Fuller's inspiration, if we may rely on the present document, was remarkably untrammelled by knowledge. Her notions of Greek mythology, as here reported, were based on local collections of casts, gems, etc., interpreted chiefly by the light of Ovid's poems! She apparently held that the myths originated in the age of Plato (see page 29); she thought "the 'Odyssey' was written when Homer was young and romantic," and she used interchangeably the Greek and Latin names of the gods.

With such data as these, Margaret and her friends sat themselves cheerfully down to "spiritualize" the myths. A familiar event is thus described: "The Indomitable Will had dethroned Time, and, acting with Productive Energy, . . . had driven back the sensual passions to the bowels of the earth, while it produced Perfect Wisdom, Genius, Beauty, and Love; results which were more excellent if not more powerful than their Cause." Frank Shaw felt a not ungrounded misgiving as to how these personifications "suggested themselves in that barbarous age," and "it was acknowledged, as a matter of course, that only a few preserved any consciousness of the original significance of the mythology." In fact, the book serves as a mile-stone to show how the penchant for facts has advanced in the last half-century. There is a very wide conviction to-day, among women as well as men, that, before speaking *ex cathedra* on any subject, it is better to burden one's self with the facts. The magazines are inclined to think that, by her pursuit of information, the college woman has choked the muse; at all events, she and all of us hold with him who sings that "parting with knowledge we have not got is the hardest parting of all."

It is a far cry from Margaret Fuller to Jane Harrison. But the student of psychology will be interested in the effect of a little acquaintance with ancient art on a fine and impressionable mind, and to note how nearly Miss Fuller possessed the gifts that Rousseau bestowed on his ideal woman: "du goût sans étude, des talents sans art, du jugement sans connoissances."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Banks, Rev. L. A. The Christ Dream. Hunt & Eaton. $1.20.
Biddle, J. A. Social Regeneration. Hartford: Student Publishing Co. $1.50.
Bird, Robert. Joseph, the Dreamer. Scribners. $1.50.
Blaney, H. R. Old Boston. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.50.
Carpenter, Rev. W. B. The Great Charter of Christ: Being Studies in the Sermon on the Mount. Whittaker. $1.50.
Carr, E. S. The Development of Modern Religious Thought, especially in Germany. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society.
Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Cox, Marian R. An Introduction to Folk-Lore. London: David Nutt.
Davis, M. W. Molière's Les Précieuses Ridicules. Boston: Ginn & Co. 85c.
Drummond, Henry. Joy, Rest and Faith. W. B. Ketcham. 15c.
Eaton, Seymour. Banking, Transportation, and Foreign Trade. Philadelphia: P. W. Ziegler & Co.
Ebers, Georg. Im Blauen Hecht. Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt; New York: Westermann.
Flügel, Ewald. Neuenglisches Lesebuch. Erster Band. Halle: Max Niemeyer; New York: Westermann.
Foote, Mrs. Mary A. The Cup of Trembling, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Fraser, Prof. A. C. Philosophy of Theism. [Gifford Lectures.] Scribners. $2.
Gillman, A. W. The Gillmans of Highgate, with Letters from S. T. Coleridge. *London: Elliot Stock.*
Granger, Prof. Frank. The Worship of the Romans Viewed in relation to the Roman Temperament. London: Methuen & Co.
Hayens, Herbert. Under the Lone Star: A Story of Revolution in Nicaragua. T. Nelson & Sons. $2.
Hayes, J. C. The Old-Fashioned Garden, and Other Verses. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston & Co.
Horton, George. In Unknown Seas. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
Jameson Mrs. Anna. Legends of the Monastic Orders. Legends of the Madonna. Memoirs of Italian Painters. 3 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Each $3.
King Stork and King Log: A Study of Modern Russia. By Stepniak. 2 vols. London: Downey & Co.; New York: Scribners. $5.
Kingsley, Charles. Hereward the Wake. Macmillan. 75c.
Knight, A. L. Leaves from a Middy's Log. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.
Lane, Mrs. Charles A. Stories for Children. American Book Co. 25c.
Lang, Andrew. My Own Fairy Book. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Lang, Andrew. The Red True Story Book. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Lanson, G. Gustave Flaubert. [Pages Choisies des Grands Écrivains.] Paris: Armand. Colin & Cie.
Laurie, Annie. The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill. San Francisco: William Doxey. $1.
Lavisse, Prof. E., and Rambaud, Prof. A. Histoire Générale, du IVe Siècle à Nos Jours. Tome VI. Louis XIV., 1643-1715. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Leroy-Beaulieu, Anatole. Israel among the Nations: A Study of the Jews and Antisemitism. London: Heinemann; New York: Putnams. $1.75.
Lewis, J. H. How to Buy Life Insurance. Denver: The Author.
Magruder, Julia. Child-Sketches from George Eliot. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.25.
Matthews, Brander. Bookbindings Old and New: Notes of a Book-Lover. With an Account of the Grolier Club of New York. Macmillan. $3
McClelland, M. G. Mammy Mystic. Merriam Co. 75c.
Meade, Mrs. L. T. Girls New and Old. Cassell Publishing Co
Miller, Rev. J. R. Family Prayers for Thirteen Weeks. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.
Miller, Rev. J. R. The Blessing of Cheerfulness. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Mitchell, Rev. David. "Alone with God," and Other Sermons. Jersey City: Albert Datz.
Mitford, Mary R. Country Stories. Illustrated. Macmillan. $2.
Montresor, F. F. The One Who Looked On. Appletons $1.25.
Morley, John. Essais Critiques. Traduits de l'Anglais. *Paris: Colin & Cie.*
Moulton, Prof. R. G. The Proverbs. [The Modern Reader's Bible.] Macmillan. 50c.
Mounteney-Jephson, R. Sword and Song. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.; New York: Scribners. $2.25.
Nesbit, E. A Pomander of Verse. London: John Lane; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Newell, W. W. Words for Music. Cambridge, Mass.: C. W. Sever. $1.
Oliphant, Mrs. M. O. W. Old Mr. Tredgold: A Story of Two Sisters. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
O'Neill, James. Garrison Tales from Tonquin. Boston: Copeland & Day.
Patmore, Coventry. The Poetry of Pathos and Delight. Selected Passages. London: Heinemann; New York: Putnams. $1.75.
Phelps, W. L. George Chapman. [Mermaid Series.] London: Unwin; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
Porter, Rose. About Men: What Women have Said. Putnams. $1.
Raife, Raymond. The Sheik's White Slave. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.25.
Roberts, W. The Book-Hunter in London. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5.
Robertson, J. M. Buckle and his Critics: A Study in Sociology. London: Sonnenschein & Co.
Roche, J. J. Ballads of Blue Water, and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Rose, N. J. Window and Parlor Gardening. Scribners. $1.25.
Round, J. H. Feudal England: Historical Studies on the XIth and XIIth Centuries. London: Sonnenschein & Co.
Russell, G. W. E. Letters of Matthew Arnold. 1848-1888 2 vols. Macmillan. $3.
Russell, W. C. A Three-Stranded Yarn. Chicago: E. A. Weeks & Co. $1.25.
Saintsbury, Prof. George. Essays in English Literature. 1780-1860. Second Series. Scribners. $2.
Sanborn, Alvan F. Moody's Lodging House, and Other Tenement Sketches. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.
Scott, F. N. Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration with Other Revolutionary Addresses. Longmans, Green & Co. 60c.
Sedgwick, H. D. A Letter by Capt. Cuellar of the Spanish Armada to King Philip II. G. H. Richmond & Co. $1.25.
Seeley, H. G. The Story of the Earth in Past Ages. Appletons. 40c.
Seeley, L. B. Fanny Burney and her Friends: Select Passages from her Diary and Other Writings. Scribners. $1.25.
Seeley, L. B. Horace Walpole and his World: Select Passages from his Letters. New ed. Scribners. $1.25.
Schoenfeld, Prof. Hermann. German Historical Prose. Henry Holt & Co. 80c.
Shaler, Prof. N. S. Domesticated Animals: Their Relation to Man and to his Advancement in Civilization. Scribners. $2.50.
Shearer, Flora M. The Legend of Aulus. San Francisco: William Doxey.
Tallack, William. Penological and Preventive Principles. 2d edition. London, Wertheimer, Lea & Co.
Uchimura, Kanzo. The Diary of a Japanese Convert. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Vaue, Capel. The Desire of the Moth. Appletons. $1.
Villari, Prof. Pasquale. The Two First Centuries of Florentine History. Vol. II. London: Unwin; New York: Scribners. $3.75.
Walworth, Mrs. J. H. An Old Fogy. Merriam Co. $1.25.
Watt, Francis. The Law's Lumber Room. London: John Lane; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Wedmore, Frederick. Etching in England. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Whishaw, Fred. A Lost Army: A Tale of the Russians in Central Asia. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.25.
White, Greenough. Outline of the Philosophy of English Literature. Part I. The Middle Ages. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.

Just Published.

BIOLOGY.

Williams' Geological Biology.

An introduction to the geological history of organisms. By Prof. HENRY S. WILLIAMS of Yale College. 8vo, 395 pp., $2.80 *net.*

This book endeavors to make intelligible and interesting to ordinary college students the problems of paleontology, and to open the way for a scientific study of the history of organisms. Speculative controversies in the biological camp have already made it clear that the last word upon organic evolution must come from the geological record itself. The present volume is written to show how to interpret this record. The strata are discussed as elements of a time-scale; and attention is given to their mode of formation, and to both their reliability and their degree of inadequacy as measures of geological time. The main part of the book is, however, devoted to organisms, particularly animals In their analysis, classification, and description those characteristics are sought which are expressive of the relation of the individual to the outside world—to its fellows, its environments, and its ancestors, rather than those which have relation to the internal adjustment of its various functions for their own sake. A few typical series are selected for special elaboration. In the interest of the geologist, the kinds of characters expressed by fossils, their relative importance in time-relations, and kindred subjects are presented.

Sedgewick & Wilson's General Biology.

A new edition from new plates, entirely rewritten and now making a complete book in itself and including chapters on the lower plant forms, introductory to bacteriology. Fully illustrated. 231 pp., 8vo, $1.75 *net.*

GERMAN.

Scheffel's Ekkehard. An unabridged edition, with introduction and notes, by Professor W. H. CARRUTH of the University of Kansas. With map and five illustrations from photographs and rare prints. xxviii.+493 pp., 16mo. $1.25 *net.*

Schoenfeld's German Historical Prose. Edited by Dr. HERMANN SCHOENFELD of the Columbian University. CONTENTS—LINDNER, Abriss der deutschen Historiographie.—VON GIESEBRECHT, Deutschland unter den Ottonen, etc.—JANSSEN, Deutschlands auswärtige Lage und Maximilian I.—VON RANKE, Reichstag zu Augsburg (1530).—DROYSEN, Friederich der Grosse, etc.—VON TREITSCHKE, Preussens Erhebung.—VON SYBEL, Preussen nach Osterreichs Niederlage (1866). 213 pp. 12mo. 80c. *net.*

Wichert's an der Majorsecke. Curtain-raiser (*men 2, women 2*). Edited by Prof. CHAS. HARRIS of Adelbert. 41 pp. 16mo. 20c. *net.*

Zschokke's Neujahrsnacht: der Zerbrochene Krug. Edited by Dr. A. B. FAUST of Johns Hopkins. Two easy humorous stories for rapid reading, suitable as a basis for conversational drill. 110 pp. 16mo. 25c. *net.*

German and French Poems. (Required by New York Regents for Memorizing.) Thirty of the best in each language with the music for voice and piano to eight of the German Poems. 92 pp. 20c. *net.*

Thomas's German Grammar. Conspicuous for human and interesting exercises, scientific treatment, and full material for conversational drill. 12mo. 411 pp. $1.12 *net.*

Harris's German Reader. Very easy selections in prose and verse, that are both interesting and continuous. It is designed that the pupils' lessons shall increase in length rather than in difficulty. 220 pp. (text)+108 pp. (vocabulary). 12mo. $1.00 *net.*

Lessing's Nathan der Weise. Edited by Prof. H. C. G. BRANDT of Hamilton College. *An entirely new edition from new plates.* xiv+227 pp. 16mo. 60c. *net.*

Postage 10 per cent. additional. Descriptive Educational Catalogue or Miscellaneous List free.

HENRY HOLT & CO., 29 W. 23d St., New York

YALE MIXTURE.

The choicest tobacco made, and pre-eminently a gentleman's smoke.

Marburg Bros., The American Tobacco Co., Successor, Baltimore, Md.

Do me the favor to ask your wine merchant, or Park & Tilford (wholesale agents), for my "*Picarillo*" natural sherry, and "*Manzanilla Pasada.*"

GUILLERMO DOBLACHE,
Puerto de Santa Maria.

FOSTER ON THE CONSTITUTION

Commentaries, Historical and Juridical, on the Constitution of the United States. By Roger Foster.

Vol. I. nearly ready. For circulars, address THE BOSTON BOOK CO., 15½ Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED